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EDINBURGH FROM THE NORTH WEST

Published by Fairbairn and Anderson.

A
VISIT
TO
EDINBURGH;

CONTAINING
A Description
OF THE
PRINCIPAL CURIOSITIES AND PUBLIC
BUILDINGS
IN THE
SCOTTISH METROPOLIS.

EDINBURGH:

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following little Work, containing a description of the Metropolis of Scotland, is intended chiefly for the amusement and information of those young people, residing at a distance, who are desirous of becoming acquainted with some of its principal objects ; while at the same time it is hoped, that it may prove an acceptable present to the juvenile inhabitants of this city, to whom it is respectfully addressed.

S. S. S.

EDINBURGH, November 1818.

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A

VISIT TO EDINBURGH.

CHAPTER I.

Proposal and Departure.

IN a pleasant valley in the north of England lived Mr Marchmont, a gentleman of easy fortune, but who considered himself the richest of human beings, in the possession of an amiable wife, and five lovely children, who were so well brought up as to be the delight of all who knew them, and greatly to contribute to the domestic happiness which uniformly prevailed at Woodbank.

This felicity was at length interrupted by the sudden death of their eldest son, who had just attained his fifteenth year, which made such an impression on Mrs Marchmont, who was naturally a delicate woman, as to endanger her life;

A

and for six weeks little hopes were entertained of her recovery.

Resignation, at last, to the Divine will, and affection for her husband and remaining children, raised her from the bed of sickness; and in about two months she was able to take airings with Mr M. in their curricule about the grounds. The physicians, however, were still fearful of a relapse, as the complaint was rather suppressed than entirely subdued; they therefore deemed change of scene and situation absolutely necessary for a complete restoration of her health.

Various plans were agreed on, and as often rejected, as to where this excursion should be, and when it should take place. Mrs Marchmont having been born and educated in one of the western counties of England, and being the only daughter of a wealthy merchant, whose affairs, even after he had retired from business, obliged him frequently to visit the metropolis, and she being equally fond of travelling, had accompanied her father in different excursions through most of the counties of England, and part of Wales. It was therefore at length determined by her fond husband, who thought that a scene entirely new would afford the most pleasure, and be the least likely to recal sad ideas, that they should visit Edinburgh, where neither of them had been before,

and where they had several friends who would be rejoiced to see them, and who would render their stay in the northern metropolis the more agreeable.

The next obstacle that presented itself was that of the impossibility of taking all the children with them, and Mrs Marchmont was equally averse to leaving them with the servants. But this was soon overcome by the kind offer of Mr M.'s mother, naturally fond of young people, and particularly so of her little grandchildren, to spend the time of their parents' absence with the two younger ones at Woodbank. The other children, who had never been farther from home in their lives than the next market-town, were highly delighted at the prospect of their long journey.

"The post-chaise will hold us all nicely; for you know, mamma," said Lucy, when she heard of the scheme, "that James and I can stand all the time. I shall not be tired, even if we be eight days on the road; and papa says he does not think that we shall be four, though we shall not go too fast for fear of fatiguing you."—"Your tongue goes too fast a great deal, Lucy," said her brother, "you are not considering poor mamma's head, and I would have you take care," continued he, lowering his voice, "not to be too eager, or say too much about it, as it is not yet

quite settled whether we go at all; and if either of us be troublesome beforehand, we shall stand but a bad chance of being taken, I am afraid."—"I can excuse Lucy a little," observed her mother, "and can think of the time when I was of her age, and the joy with which I accepted a proposal of a jaunt to Margate with my father. I thought as much of it then, as she can possibly do now, though I cannot but admire the advice, and the manner in which you warned her to be quiet; but I hope by the time fixed, which is next Monday, that I shall be able to bear any noise that either of you may make, or I fear I shall not be well enough to go at all."

Lucy promised to behave as her parents required, and in the intervening days employed herself in assisting in the requisite preparations, as her mother was still incapable of bearing much fatigue. She likewise consoled Edward and Jane, who murmured a little at being left behind, by repeated promises of writing to them often, and bringing them home the prettiest toys and books she could meet with in Edinburgh.

At last the happy Monday arrived. "What kind of a day is it; does it rain?" was the first question asked by the children as they rose, which was quickly answered by the opening of the window-shutter, which removed their fears by pre-

senting them with the much desired appearance of a beautiful morning ; and they had likewise their anxious inquiries respecting their mother, agreeably satisfied by their father's assurances that she had enjoyed a good night's rest, and would be down to breakfast immediately. " I give you liberty to talk as much as you like about the wonderful journey now, Lucy, my dear," said Mrs Marchmont, as she sat down to table. " I am much better to-day, which is as well, for it will cost me dear to part with my two little ones here ; for," continued she, stroking Edward's flaxen head, " we were never separated before ; and though we shall not be long absent, yet I shall consider it so, till I see you all about me again." " Come, come, mamma," said Lucy, " I thought you were encouraging me to talk and be merry just now, and you will make us all quite unhappy if you don't take care. I know that both Edward and Jane will be very comfortable with dear grandmamma, who is so kind and indulgent to us all."—" I am only afraid," interrupted Mr Marchmont, " that I shall find two spoiled children when I return. What say you to that, Jane, will grandmamma spoil you?" Jane was going to reply, when the door was opened by one of the servants, to inform them of the arrival of the chaise. " So it is come at last, is it?" cried

James. "I thought I heard it rattling, but I said nothing, for the wind in the trees cheated me three times, and made Lucy laugh at me."—

"Well, it must wait," said Mr M. "I have had but one cup of tea. Come, Lucy, take some more, you have not ate half your breakfast."—

"I could not eat a bit more," returned she, "I am not in the least hungry."—"Nor I either," said James, throwing his bread on the table.

"I'll run and put my bundle into the chaise."—

"No waste of bread though, if you please, Mr Traveller, you will be glad enough of it by and bye, if you are too full of importance to eat now," said his father; "however, you will have to wait some time, for I am not going to hurry, I assure you."—"But will the chaise wait, papa?" interrupted James. "Yes, all day to be sure, if I desire it; but as that is not my intention," returned Mr M. smiling, "you may leave off that anxious face, and prepare for your departure immediately; but mind and don't get into any mischief with the horses, or into conversation with the postilion, do you hear, James?"—"Yes, yes; no, no," cried he, banging the door after him.

"How happy the dear children are," said Mr M.'s mother, looking after them, and smiling to Lucy through the window, who, with her hat on, came tapping every other minute on the glass.

"We shall have no peace, I fancy, till we are off," said Mr M. putting back his chair; and as he did not wish any formal taking of leave between his wife and children, he hastily embraced the latter, and hurrying Mrs Marchmont along with him into the chaise, the children jumped up the steps nimbly after them; in an instant the door was shut, and they drove off.

CHAPTER II.

The Journey.—Longtown.—Langholm.

"WHAT an uncommonly lovely day it is," exclaimed James, as soon as he was seated. "I think I never saw a pleasanter one in my life, and there is no wind now to blow the dust into our faces through the open window."—"Or rather," said his father, "there is no dust to blow, thanks to the *tiresome* shower of rain that prevented four fretful children from going out on Saturday as they wished. I told you, that you would have reason to like it afterwards, which none of you seemed to think possible at the time." "But I hope we shall not be so silly again," said Lucy, "and I will do all in my power to over-

come peevishness at any future disappointment." Her father applauded the resolution; and the remainder of the forenoon he entertained them with different anecdotes, which the various objects that presented themselves as they passed along brought to his recollection. This contributed very much to enliven the road; and when Mr M. informed them that it was two o'clock, the children were much surprised at the rapidity with which the morning had passed, as neither of them supposed it to be more than eleven.

"I'm sure," said James, "if every hour pass as quickly as the four last, during the whole of our jaunt, we shall scarcely arrive at Edinburgh, before it will be time for us to return home." Here he was interrupted by the sudden stopping of the chaise at the door of a respectable inn. "Must we get out here," said Lucy, "I am so very comfortably seated!"—"Yes," replied her mother, "unless you intend to stay behind in an empty carriage; for we are here to make a change both of vehicle and horses, and take some refreshment, as I think you will both be hungry *now*, since the pleasure of setting off has subsided." Lucy smiled, and followed Mrs M. into a neat small parlour, where they dined whilst the chaise was preparing, into which they hastened as soon as it was ready, and were quickly seated as for-

merly, and re-entered into conversation. "We shall not go above this stage more to-night," said Mrs Marchmont. "Oh, what a pity!" cried both the children at once: "Pray, dear mamma, let us go a little farther."—"And you will not appear mortified, Lucy," said her father, "if both your mother and I intend the contrary." Lucy blushed and was silent, but at length replied, "Oh, papa, you need not think that. I did not mean that; and I will say no more about it. I am afraid I forgot that dear mamma might be fatigued."

She was as good as her word, and when about seven o'clock they stopped for the evening, did not murmur because her father objected to her accompanying him and her brother to see some ruins in the neighbourhood, thinking it would be too far for her to walk, but amused herself with examining the pictures in the room, which was the best one in the house, while her mother wrote a short letter to inform those at home of their day's journey, and that it had passed over without any accident. On the return of Mr Marchmont and James, about nine o'clock, they agreed that they had better eat their supper directly, and retire to rest. The next morning they rose early, and as Mrs Marchmont felt no fatigue remaining from the exertion of the preceding day, they pur-

sued their journey directly after breakfast, and proceeded without any interruption, except that occasioned by the stopping once to change horses, till they arrived at Longtown in Dumfries-shire, where they were to pass the night.

“ Now, you are to sleep in Scotland for the first time in your lives,” said Mr Marchmont, as he handed his wife and children down the steps of the chaise. “ In Scotland already !” cried Lucy, “ Oh, papa, you are surely joking us ; why did you not tell us so before ?” — “ Because I wished to surprise you,” returned he ; “ for I remember once, (to be sure it was some time ago, and we will hope that he is wiser now), that a silly boy asked me if the people in Scotland were dressed in the same manner that we were, and lived in the same kind of houses ? I do not know whether he supposed that they lived in huts or under ground, and dressed themselves in sheep skins, but I thought it as well to allow him to judge for himself.” — “ I know what boy you mean, though it be so many years ago,” interrupted James ; “ but, as you say, he is wiser now.” — “ And he shows one great proof of his wisdom,” said his mother smiling, “ in not taking amiss, as some others would, what was said in jest.” — “ I hope I never do, mamma,” returned he ; “ for I know that you and papa mean all you say for my good ; and if I can’t take a hint in the

way intended, I certainly deserve a more serious lecture.”—“ And I’ll take the hint you intended for me,” said Lucy, jumping up and kissing her mother; “ I really will try to leave off all pettish ways.”—“ Come,” said Mr Marchmont, “ the supper waits, and we had better hasten to bed, as to-morrow’s ride will be a long one, though it will not bring us to our journey’s end. I fancy you have had almost enough riding now?” continued he, turning to Lucy, who was stretching herself and yawning aloud: “ No, papa, not at all; I am only a little sleepy,” replied she. “ Then quick off to bed,” said Mr M. kissing her, “ and don’t be in such a hurry as you were this morning; we shall not leave you behind; so there is no necessity of being up almost every hour in the night to know what o’clock it is.”

The next day they set off very early, and arrived at Langholm to breakfast. “ This used to be luncheon-time at Woodbank,” said James, looking at his father’s watch as it lay on the table. “ And is so still, I dare say,” returned Mr M. “ I had no idea it was so late,—eleven o’clock! My dear,” continued he, turning to his wife, “ I fear that we have been too long at breakfast: James, hurry the driver.” In an instant James returned, and informed them that the chaise waited.

CHAPTER III.

*The Journey continued.—Mosspaul.—Hawick.
Selkirk.—Melrose.*

As they went along, Lucy confessed that she was tired of riding, and asked her father the reason why she always felt so giddy in alighting. Mr Marchmont replied, "The constant motion of the carriage, my dear; it often produces sickness with people of weak stomachs, in the same manner as the ships at sea do, though not to so great a degree, and the giddiness you feel in quitting the chaise is nothing to that produced by the slow motion of a vessel; and, indeed, when I once went to London by sea, it continued for several days; my bed, the first night or two, felt as if it moved, and gave me, although only in imagination, a very disagreeable sensation."

"I wonder," said James, "what place this is we are coming to now?"—"It is Mosspaul," returned his father, "near which your uncle John resided previous to his departure for India."—"Dear me, papa," said Lucy, "how can you know all these places that you never saw in your life before?"—"By the study of geography, and a pretty accu-

rate idea of the road we are to take," replied he. "Well, I learnt geography too, you know," interrupted James, "but I can never remember the places; I wish I had a better memory."—"Your memory is very good for your age," returned Mr M. "and with regard to geography, as well as your studies in general, want of attention, rather than ability, is the sole reason of your ever failing in making rapid progress, and what is still more essential, in retaining the instructions you receive, though I think I have had fewer causes of complaint these many weeks past."—"Indeed, I should be very undeserving of this present indulgence, and of your constant kindness towards me," said James, "if I did not endeavour to cure myself of all my bad habits, and particularly to conquer my inattention to my lessons, as it must be very trying to any one's patience, especially to such an instructor as my own dear papa." "Are we to dine here?" exclaimed Lucy, as they entered the inn. "Yes, I think so," returned her mother, "if we are to have any dinner to-day, for it is nearly two o'clock; and when we reach Hawick, our next stage, if we alight at all, we shall only have time for a cup of tea."

They found the road between Moss paul and Hawick very interesting; and some miles before entering the latter, ordered the chaise to stop, in

order to avail themselves of the opportunity that presented itself of visiting Branxholme Hall, the scene of Walter Scott's poem, entitled "The Lay of the Last Minstrel."

The travellers went through the building, which afforded them much interest, as they had lately perused the poem, and had been much pleased with it. They staid here as long as their time permitted; and then desiring the boy to hasten quickly to Hawick, they arrived there in time for tea.

"If we have time to-night, after we arrive at Selkirk, to continue our ride to Melrose," said Mrs Marchmont, as they drove out of Hawick, "I should like to visit the Abbey, as my favourite poet directs, 'by the pale moon-light.'—" "I have no objection at all, my dear," returned Mr M.; "and if the children be tired, they can remain at Selkirk in the inn."—"We shall not be tired," was echoed by both voices. "And," added James, "I should like so particularly to go—I remember of your reading the poem, papa, and both Lucy and I expressed a wish to visit the scenes it describes, which has not been a little increased by our having seen Branxholme Hall."—"I am glad that you take an interest in what you hear read," replied his father; "for although the subject in question was only amuse-

ment, yet the habit of attention will prove very serviceable to you both."

In this manner they conversed till they reached Selkirk, where having ordered what was necessary, they proceeded directly to Melrose Abbey, which far exceeded their expectations in every respect. It was a dead calm, not a breath of wind agitated the trees, and no noise was heard, save the gentle murmurs of the distant river, and the occasional barking of a shepherd's dog, as he followed his master who was returning home to his little hut. The moon shone brightly, and illuminated the windows of the numerous villas in the neighbourhood. Our travellers stood for a considerable time, gazing on the ruins in silence, as if unwilling to interrupt the stillness that surrounded them, till one of the children, in a half whisper, asked their father if there had ever been such a person as the wizard Michael Scott? on which point, and on many others to which this question gave rise, Mr Marchmont gave them all the information in his power; and then, after again contemplating the wonderful and magnificent structure before them, reminded them that it was time to depart, unless they chose to spend the whole night among the monks and friars. His companions smiled at his proposal, and followed him quickly, though not without

sometimes looking behind them, till they rejoined the chaise awaiting them in the village, which conveyed them back to Selkirk by a little after eleven, when being too much fatigued with their day's journey to make any more comments on the beautiful scene they had just quitted, they all hastened to bed, from which they did not arise till late the following morning, and immediately after breakfast continued their journey.

CHAPTER IV.

*The Journey concluded.—Middleton.—Dalkeith.
Edinburgh.*

THE first part of their road lay through a most beautiful country along the side of the Tweed, so justly celebrated as one of the finest rivers in Britain; but after quitting its verdant banks, the remainder of their journey was dull and uninteresting, through an uncultivated tract of land, apparently only inhabited by numerous flocks of black-faced sheep, who picked their scanty support from the moors and barren hills that surrounded them. Our travellers, however, were less susceptible of the dulness of the road,

as each succeeding mile-stone indicated their nearer approach to their journey's end; and nothing could exceed the children's joy, when the top of a hill gave them the first glimpse of Edinburgh Castle, on which they fixed their eyes till they lost sight of it, as the road dipped down between Middleton and Dalkeith, which latter place they reached about six o'clock. Mr M. desired the postillion to point out to them the seat of the Duke of Buccleuch, but they did not alight, as Mr Marchmont expressed his determination of giving a day to visit Roslin and the Duke's grounds, during their residence in Edinburgh. Our travellers admired the scenery about Dalkeith very much, and were making a comparison between it and the dull disagreeable road they had quitted, when an exclamation from James informed them that they were within three miles of their place of destination.

“What ruins are those on the right hand side of the road?” demanded Lucy. “We must ask the post-boy,” said her father, “for I am unable to tell you. Pray,” continued he, addressing himself to the boy, “have the goodness to inform us of the name of those ruins on the right?”—“*What's your wull?*” returned he, touching his hat. “The name of those ruins,” repeated Mr M., supposing from the boy's face of inquiry that

he was not understood. "Ou ay, the ruins; it's just Craigmillar Castle," said the lad. "And can you give us any more information about it? was it not once the place where the unfortunate Mary held her court?" inquired Mr M. "I'm sure I dinna ken," returned he, turning round and whipping up his horses with apparent indifference. "Huzza! huzza!" cried James, "here we are at last," as the chaise drove along the Newington road. Mrs M. admired the gentlemen's seats and the neat rows of houses as they passed along, but her remarks were wholly lost in the childrens' clamour, whose tongues, as they entered the town, out-noised the rattling of the chaise.

"What a number of people! what a great deal of smoke! what a large place!" exclaimed they at once. "Look at the lamps—how do the people find time to light them all?" said Lucy. "Never mind the lamps," interrupted James, "look at the shops; what quantities of things in the windows!"—"They are only lighting them now," said their father; "you will be more surprised when both lamps and candles are lit up in every direction."—"How the coaches drive along," exclaimed Lucy, "and yet nobody seems afraid of being run over; but I am sure I shall never venture out by myself: Oh, the colours! the colours! I never saw any thing so beautiful in my

life."—"And the silver and glass in that window!" cried James; "but keep your head back, Lucy, poor mamma can't see at all."—"Mamma has seen so many of such things in London," said Mrs Marchmont, smiling, "that it is no great disappointment to her. The colours you admired so much just now, Lucy, were of the same kind as "the Purple Jar" you have read of so often in Rosamond."—"Oh, I remember," replied Lucy; "then this was a chemist's shop; I do not wonder that poor Rosamond admired it."—"There are more, there are more," cried James, "with beautiful candles like stars in the window."—"Those are not candles, they are gas-lights," returned his father, "and there is another shop lit in the same manner."—"Oh, how bright! how beautiful!" cried Lucy, "but I wish the chaise would not drive so fast."—"I recollect reading about gas in the Encyclopedia, papa," said James; "will you let me come again to examine them more accurately?"—"We shall pass this way frequently, I dare say, my dear," returned Mr M.; "and I shall at all times endeavour to arrange our walks so as to contribute in the most effectual manner to our amusement and gratification."—"You are very good, dear papa," replied he; "but where are we now?—on a bridge I declare, and a very handsome one too, but I see no river."

—“ I believe,” interrupted his sister, “ it is over dry land, for there are houses and churches under us on both sides ; but it is getting so dark I can scarcely see any thing.”—“ There is a beautiful building, however,” said James, “ just before us.” But here the chaise turned down a splendid street, and in another minute stopped at the door of a respectable hotel. “ Come, come ; one at a time,” said Mrs Marchmont, as James pushed by her in his impatience to alight ; “ mamma first, then Lucy ;—welcome to Edinburgh, my dear,” continued she, helping her out of the chaise. “ And welcome, eager James,” said his father, smiling at his hurry in jumping down the steps ; “ take care you don’t hurt your legs.”—“ This way, this way, ma’am,” said the waiter, conducting the strangers into a neat parlour ; “ would you please to have your supper now ? we have plenty of every thing in the house.”—“ We want no great variety,” returned Mrs M. “ but bring it soon, as we wish to go early to bed.”

“ I shall write to Edward to-morrow,” said Lucy. “ And I to Jane, then,” cried James ; “ I promised to write to her first.”—“ You had better allow at least a week to elapse between your letters,” observed Mr M. “ they will be read by both, and the more information and amusement you can afford, by writing at different periods,

the more acceptable they will reckon your correspondence: James may fulfil his promise to Jane to-morrow, and in the course of another week, Lucy may likewise gratify her brother."

"What a rumbling the carriages make, and how plainly we hear the people talk!" exclaimed Lucy; "I shall not be able to go to sleep, I'm afraid, if they are not more quiet."—"I have but few fears for you on that point," said her mother, smiling; "so suppose you try what you can do now, it is high time that you were both in bed." Lucy prepared to follow her advice, when the sound of a hand-organ arrested her attention. "Music in the street, I declare," said she, approaching the window; "I wonder they don't prefer playing in-doors to standing here so late at night; but perhaps they wish to amuse other people."—"Oh no, poor creatures," interrupted Mrs M. "they are only playing for any trifle a charitable person may give them."—"It must be a very pleasant way of getting a living, I should think," said James; "music is such a cheerful thing."—"Not," replied his father, "when awaiting a casual penny, 'mid snow and rain, with scarcely a rag to cover them, or food to put into their hungry mouths. I should suppose, under such circumstances, that music must lose many of its charms, and a merry tune

be only a greater contrast to the aching heart and trembling hand that fetches out the sounds."—"Oh, pray, papa," exclaimed Lucy, "let me relieve this man; I have some halfpence here.—Poor man," continued she, opening the window, "come round to this side." The man gladly obeyed her summons, and by the earnest manner in which he thanked his little benefactress, convinced her of the need he had of her charity, and that a gay tune is not always an evidence of a corresponding heart and situation. Lucy stood a little longer listening to the music, till her mother again reminded her of the late hour; and taking leave of their parents, the two children retired immediately to their different apartments.

CHAPTER V.

A Walk in the Streets.—A Meeting.—Roman Catholic and Episcopal Chapels.—North Bridge.

THE next day the children rose early, and waited very impatiently for their father and mother's coming down to breakfast. "I think I will begin my letter, Lucy," said her brother, "they are so long of coming down."—"And

where are you to get paper, Mr Impatient," said she; "I'm sure papa called you by your proper name."—"But you have no right to call me so, Lucy," retorted James; "besides, papa only said, 'eager James,' so don't exaggerate if you please, miss."—"No misses or masters," interrupted Mr Marchmont, opening the door; "I don't like titles among brothers and sisters, as I am afraid when ceremony begins, that affection is giving way." The children both coloured, and were silent.

After breakfast James obtained suitable materials for his letter from his father, and sat down quietly to write, while Lucy assisted her mother in unpacking their portmanteaus. "When we have heard the contents of your epistle, James," said Mr Marchmont, "you and your sister shall accompany me to put it in the Post-office, and then we shall commence our search for lodgings."—"Oh, delightful!" exclaimed Lucy, tripping off for her bonnet, "but will not mamma go with us?"—"I fear it will fatigue me too much, my love," said Mrs M.; "I do not feel sufficiently rested yet, but I hope by and bye to be able to enjoy a walk with you: Make haste now and prepare to accompany your father, for I see James has almost concluded his wonderful letter." When Lucy returned to the parlour, James complied with their united request, to hear "what he had

been saying to dear Jane," and accordingly read as follows :—

Prince's-street, August 1817.

My dear JANE,—At last we are come to the end of our long journey, and are safely arrived in Edinburgh. The numerous occurrences that happened on the road would engross too much time and paper to describe to you at present, so I will leave all that intelligence till we are again seated together by the nursery fire at dear Woodbank. I have seen but little of the town yet, only getting here last night ; but from our windows we can see a great many fine buildings, such as the Castle, which is a grand old edifice, standing on a bold piece of rock, which has enabled it to withstand many a long siege ; also the new Bank of Scotland, a very handsome building ; and within a few yards of the hotel, the Register-Office, which is still more magnificent, and stands opposite a long stone bridge over land, which is called the North-Bridge. Another bridge is lately begun, which connects Prince's-street with the Calton Hill ; it is named the Regent's Bridge, and will be a grand termination to this beautiful street, by opening a view to the hill, on which stands a superb monument to the memory of Lord Nelson ; but as yet there is nothing but confusion

and bustle about it, as they are taking down a great many houses to make way for the new bridge. The theatre is likewise in this neighbourhood, nearly facing the Register-Office, but it makes a very poor figure compared to the other buildings I have mentioned. I have obtained all this information through the kindness of a gentleman who is likewise in this hotel, and who encouraged the chatter of "the little English boy," as he called me, (though I'm sure I never told him where I came from), by naming the places as I ventured to the door this morning before breakfast, and indulged my curiosity with great good nature and condescension. But I must hasten to conclude my letter, as papa is waiting to take us out to seek for lodgings, as it would be too expensive to remain here all the time we wish to pass in Edinburgh, which will be a month at least. A month! I hear you exclaim, what a long long time! yet it will soon slip away, and then, if nothing happen, we shall all meet again, with mamma's health quite strengthened. I think even by this time her spirits are better; she desires you to tell grandmamma that she will write soon,—and unites with papa, Lucy, and your affectionate brother, in kindest love to you all.

J. M.

P. S.—Don't forget to feed the rabbits.

B.

As soon as James had folded up his letter, the cheerful party set off in great glee for their walk, the children clinging fast to their father's arm, and out-talking each other with their questions and remarks, which they uttered so loudly that Mr Marchmont had more than once to check them, and to desire one to speak at a time. "What beautiful pictures and mirrors!" cried James, as they passed a carver and gilder's shop; "do let us stop one minute, and look in here." "And then," said Lucy, "papa, may we just cross the street to see the books in that window? perhaps there may be some new children's books." "Very likely," replied Mr Marchmont, "but we cannot cross just now; you shall be indulged with some books before you leave Edinburgh; but we have not time to chuse at present: besides you must content yourself with what comes in your way, and not wish to cross the street after every trifle that presents itself. Take things quietly, my little girl, which is the proper way to enjoy each object: for amusement, when pursued too earnestly, forfeits its name; by crowding pleasures on each other they cease to gratify, and even novelty loses its charms if embraced too eagerly." Lucy promised to attend to her father's advice, and both of the children profited

by it, by not again appearing too anxious or impatient during the remainder of their walk.

“Whereabout does the Post-office stand, papa?” demanded James. “Across the Bridge, I believe, my dear,” returned he; “but if you like we will go a little farther down this street, which will give us a view of Leith, as I find by the map it lies in this direction.”—“Was that the map of Edinburgh you were looking over this morning, papa?” said Lucy, “I should like to have a peep at it when I go home, if you will have the goodness to explain it to me.”—“With pleasure, my dear,” replied her father, “it will be very useful to us all; it has guided me right in my calculations respecting Leith, I see, for yonder is the town, with its smoking glass-houses. Don’t you remember the picture of it you had at home?” “O yes,” cried James, “one of those that aunt Mary gave us. I’m afraid it is sadly torn; but when I return I’ll look it out, and take care of it. I little thought of ever being so near Leith.” “We shall pass a day there,” said Mr Marchmont, “before we leave town.”—“Thank you, thank you, dear papa,” exclaimed the children at once, “we should like so much to see a ship near, and to see the glass-works.”—“Papa,” whispered Lucy, “that gentleman appears to wish to address you.”—“Mr Wilson, I declare,”

exclaimed Mr M. "What a fortunate meeting!" "My dear friend," returned Mr Wilson, "are you really in Edinburgh without coming to see me?"—"We only arrived last night," replied Mr Marchmont; "and I intended to find out your place of residence by some means, but I have been unfortunate enough to lose your last address."—"Well, that makes this rencontre the more agreeable," said Mr W.; "and I perceive you have brought some of your young people with you; my children will be very happy in their society. I hope you left Mrs Marchmont and the rest of your family in good health."—"My wife is in town with us," rejoined Mr M. "but being rather fatigued, remained at the hotel, as the children were desirous to walk about a little. Indeed it is chiefly on her account that we have taken this jaunt; her health has been delicate all summer, and the great affliction we met with about three months ago nearly overcame her." Mr Marchmont could add no more, but taking his friend's arm walked on in silence for a few minutes, till Mr Wilson roused his attention by pointing out the new Roman Catholic chapel to James, who admired the building extremely; and likewise informed him that the Pantheon, a place of public amusement, was above the music shop they had just passed.

Mr M. again joined the conversation, to make inquiries about Mr Wilson's family, and said that he would thank him presently to conduct them to the Post-office, and to point out where they would be most likely to procure good lodgings. "I am quite disengaged this morning," replied Mr W. "and shall be very happy to accompany you in your walk; and with regard to lodgings, I can introduce you to a friend of mine in St David-street, (a very central part of the New Town): he is a most worthy man, who, being rather reduced in circumstances, will gladly part with two or three rooms for any time on very reasonable terms. But before we turn, I must, if you please, shew my young friends another building close by, which is almost finished: it is an Episcopal chapel, commenced about the same time as the one they are working at in the west end of Prince's-street, both on different plans by different architects, and both equally deserving of admiration; perhaps this one, called St Paul's, is the better; at least I prefer the exterior part of the building, though I understand the inside of St John's is to be finished in a very superior manner."

After the party had fully examined the building, and expressed their admiration of it in suitable terms, they retraced their steps, conducted by Mr Wilson, who proposed that they should commit

the letter to the post before they proceeded to St David-street, as he informed Mr M. that letters for England must be despatched before three o'clock, if necessary to go by that day's post. Mr Marchmont thanked his friend for his attention, though he added, that the letter in question was not of great importance, being one from his son to his little sister at home. "This is the same way by which we came, I'm sure," said James; "I remember these iron railings."—"It is, my dear," returned Mr M. "and that is called the Terrace." "And this should be called Shoe-street, I think," observed Lucy; "what a number of shops, all of the same trade!"

When they reached Shakspeare-square, Mr Wilson gave his companions a description of the projected improvements on the Calton Hill, adding that they must set apart a day to visit the different buildings already erected there, all which were very deserving of their attention. "You cannot, however, admire the appearance of our theatre, though placed in such a conspicuous situation," said Mr W. "Indeed," returned Mr Marchmont, "it merely serves as a contrast to the other edifices which surround it." "This is the North Bridge, Sir, is it not?" said James, eager to display his knowledge to his father; and he was a little surprised to be answered

by the latter in the affirmative, who also added, that while the Bridge was erecting, the vaults and side-walls on the south end gave way, and five persons lost their lives in the ruins. "It happened very providentially," observed Mr W. "that so few were injured, for not a quarter of an hour before, a considerable number of both old and young were returning from the Orphan Hospital green, where a methodist had been preaching. If you and the young people will look over the wall, you will see the Hospital: Do you see the poor children coming out, Miss Marchmont?" continued Mr Wilson, as he raised her up to look over the parapet. "Yes, thank you, Sir," said Lucy. "Poor things, I fancy it is their play time."—"I believe so," replied Mr W. "It is a most benevolent institution," added he, "and I understand owes its origin to Andrew Gardiner, a merchant, in the year 1732, who obtained the co-operation of some of his fellow-citizens; and in 1742 his Majesty granted them a charter empowering some of the State Officers to be members of it, and so secured them property to the amount of nearly £.100 per annum. The number of orphans thus maintained is about 150, who obtain admittance at seven years of age, and find it a comfortable asylum till they attain the age of fourteen."

“Are those two churches near the hospital?” demanded Mr Marchmont. Mr Wilson answered in the affirmative, and informed him, that “one of them was a chapel built by Lady Glenorchy (whose name it bears) in the year 1772; and the other, of more ancient sculpture, owed its erection to Mary of Guelders, Queen of James II. in 1462; it was built in honour of the Holy Trinity, but was not completed at that time further than the cross of the church, the choir, and central tower. It has lately been refitted in a more finished style, though not exactly after the original plan. It used formerly to be called the Trinity Chapel, but since the Reformation has generally borne the name of the College Kirk.”

“What bells are those that are playing so merrily?” inquired James, as they resumed their walk. “They are a set at the top of St Giles’s Church,” returned Mr Wilson, “which are played regularly every day between the hours of one and two, and longer on rejoicing days. They are bells affixed to keys, in the shape of a piano-forte, and different tunes are played on them by a man, whose hands are well guarded by leather, as the keys require to be struck with great force in order to produce a sound.”—“How I should like to see him perform,” said Lucy. “I was just going to ask your father’s permission for yourself and bro-

ther to join a party of my young folks, who design visiting the musical bells on Tuesday with some of their companions," said Mr Wilson; "this is their holiday time, and they are making the most of it." Mr Marchmont assured his friend that he had no objection to the children accepting his kind offer; and slipping the letter into the Post-office, proposed calling for Mrs M. in their way, and then proceeding directly to look at the lodgings.

They found Mrs Marchmont engaged in conversation with a lady, whom she introduced to her husband as Mrs Woodville, her old friend and school-fellow, who had always resided in Edinburgh since her marriage, and understanding from Mrs M.'s last letter of their intended journey, had inquired at the different hotels regularly for several days, and thus at last discovered the arrival of her friend. Mr Marchmont likewise introduced Mr Wilson, and mentioned their unexpected and pleasant meeting in as few words as possible; and then, as soon as Mrs M. had prepared herself for walking, the whole party set off on their way to St David-street, with the exception of the children, whom they left behind, not wishing to fatigue them. They, however, did not feel the disappointment much, as they had so many topics to converse on, and quietly awaited their parents'

return, as they sat together and chatted over the occurrences of their pleasant walk.

CHAPTER VI.

A Visit.—George's-square.—Meadows.—Merchant Maiden's, Watson's, and Heriot's Hospitals.

“WELL, mamma,” demanded Lucy, as the former entered the room, “have you got lodgings?—and where have you left Mr Wilson and Mrs Woodville?” continued she, on seeing no person follow her. “My dear Lucy,” returned her mother, “when will you break yourself of impatience; let me answer one question before you propose another. We have procured three very good apartments, to which we shall repair to-morrow if nothing happen.”—“Only three rooms,” interrupted James; “and where am I to sleep?”—“In a concealed bed off the parlour,” replied Mrs M. “Dear me, how odd!” said James, rather disappointed; “and is Lucy to have a whole room to herself?”—“Yes, to herself,” repeated Mrs M.; “but as none of the rooms are large, I shall put our trunks into her’s by way of companions. And now allow me to an-

swer your sister's second question : Both Mr Wilson and Mrs Woodville have returned home. We drink tea with the former this afternoon, and shall pass the whole of Monday at Mrs Woodville's."—"Is that the Mrs Woodville who used so repeatedly to ask you, if you would not visit her yourself, to allow one of us to stay a few months with her?" inquired Lucy. "Yes, my dear," replied Mrs Marchmont; "and I would have accepted her invitation for you, had it not been for the great distance."—"Have you any more acquaintances in Edinburgh?" continued Lucy. "No," returned her mother; "but your papa has several, to whom we shall be introduced by and bye."

The children being very anxious to commence acquaintance with Mr Wilson's family, and his place of residence being at some distance from Prince's-street, directly after dinner they began to prepare for their visit. "Do we ride or walk, papa?" asked Lucy. "Walk, to be sure," returned he. "Oh, I am glad of it," said she, "for I am quite tired of jolting about."—"Tired of riding," interrupted James; "I thought that you were never to be tired; however, I would rather walk too, for one can see so much better, and we shall be nearer the shops to look in; and besides, with papa's help, I mean to give mamma

all the information in my power respecting the buildings we see in passing along; I mean those that Mr Wilson told us about."

James was as good as his promise, and chattered away briskly during the whole of their walk, although it must be acknowledged that he made several blunders, notwithstanding his being perfectly sure that he repeated word for word from Mr Wilson.

"I wonder what church this is," said Lucy, "I do not think that Mr Wilson came so far with us." "Can't James inform us?" asked his mother smiling. "I am afraid his stock of knowledge is exhausted," returned Mr M.; "but if the evening continue fine, I shall endeavour to prevail with some of our kind friends to accompany us home, which will render our walk more agreeable and instructive."

"Stop one minute, papa, if you please," said James, "and let me look through these railings: I declare there is a street below us! I suppose this is another bridge;—may we just cross the street to see if it be the same on the other side?" Mr Marchmont indulged their curiosity, and remained with his wife till the children returned to them. "Were you not afraid of being run over, Lucy?" demanded her mother; but her irony was lost upon her, for they both ex-

claimed at once, that it was a bridge; that they had watched the same cart through, which they had seen on the other side; that it was so curious to see people walking beneath them; and that these houses were so very very high! "I assure you," said Lucy, "they reach quite down to the street below. It will be a fine puzzle," added she, "for Edward and Jane to hear that we have been walking over houses and people."

"I suppose this large building before us is the College," said Mr Marchmont. "When we come nearer we will stop a minute to gratify my curiosity, if you please."—"Whilst papa was reading the Latin inscription," said Lucy, as they passed along, "I was entertaining myself with looking at some delightful little books in a shop window. Papa has promised us some new ones to take home with us; and I think I should like some of those."—"I am sure he will not forget his promise," said Mrs M.; "but as we have been only one day in Edinburgh, we must be contented to look about us, without coveting every thing we think pretty, or wanting every species of entertainment at once; and with regard to books, whatever may be purchased will be consigned to my trunk directly, and not opened till we are in want of evening amusements at home in winter." Here Mr Marchmont inquired

at a shop the way to George's-square, where Mr Wilson resided ; and having gained the necessary information, they proceeded, without farther interruption, to their friend's house.

“ A very genteel looking place this is,” said Mrs Marchmont, as they entered the square ; “ so retired and pleasantly situated : I think I prefer it to St Andrew's-square, which we saw this morning when we went to look at the lodgings ; but perhaps it is my simple taste.” — “ Stop, sir,” said a chubby little boy, who was standing on the steps of one of the houses ; “ Papa has sent me to watch for you, and I had very nearly let you pass. I guessed it was you, as you were looking at the names on the doors.” Mr Marchmont smiled, and followed the little boy into the house, accompanied by his wife and children, where Mr and Mrs Wilson awaited their arrival ; and after the ceremony of introduction had passed, the bell was rung to order tea early, that they might have a long walk in the evening. Lucy and James looked at the door wistfully, in the hope that the other young people would enter ; but it was not until their little friend George had been twice despatched to tell his brothers and sisters that tea waited, that either appeared willing to comply with the summons. At length a great bustle in the passage announced their ar-

rival, and, with a good deal of pushing to make each other go first, the door burst open, and in rushed three rosy boys, who, without attending to Mrs Wilson's repeated appeals of "Where's your bow?" all went straight to the window, and talked to each other in an under voice, regardless of poor James's hems and coughs, with which he tried in vain to engage their notice.

"You will form but a poor opinion of the good breeding of our Edinburgh boys," said Mrs Wilson to Mrs Marchmont, who at length had prevailed with the two elder gentlemen to shake hands with her; "but you must excuse them: they are so much confined with their lessons while attending school, that they have very little time to spend in the parlour; and at the High School here, like all other large seminaries, the boys hang so much together, and the force of example goes so far, that all politeness is soon rubbed off as a kind of false shame in being different from their companions; and the fear of being thought unmanly or wanting spirit, makes them run into the contrary extremes, though they all generally turn out well; and even at this age a great deal of genuine good-nature and benevolence is disguised under a rough exterior." Here she was interrupted by the en-

trance of her daughters, who endeavoured to excuse themselves for their prolonged stay, and immediately seating themselves beside Lucy, entered into conversation with her, while their brothers also, after a few more peeps at James from behind the recess in the window, summoned up resolution enough to address him ; and after a few preliminary questions of—What part of England he came from? and, how long he had been in Edinburgh? their natural reserve gave way, and in half an hour they were quite intimate.

As soon as the tea-table was cleared, and Mrs Wilson's youngest child had made its *debut* and *exit*, the whole party prepared for their promised walk ; and with the exception of two of the boys, who pleaded a prior engagement with one of their school-fellows, proceeded first to take a walk round the square, which the Marchmonts justly admired for its neatness, and the taste and regularity displayed in the manner in which the ground is laid out. After quitting it with some regret, Mr Wilson proposed a turn in the Meadows, a fine public walk adjoining the square, before the Marchmonts should return home. The latter acceded with pleasure to this plan, and the party were soon on their way down the principal walk, but shortly turned to the right hand by Mr Wilson's direction, to survey a building just erecting

for the young people belonging to the Merchant Maiden Hospital, who were soon to quit their present gloomy and old habitation for this airy commodious house now preparing for their reception.

The strangers joined their friends in admiring the well-proportioned edifice rising before them, and still more the benevolence which instituted such a comfortable asylum; but fearing it might be late ere they reached home, postponed a longer ramble through the inviting walks till they had more leisure. Mr Wilson informed his friends, as they returned, that the Meadows which they admired so much had been formerly a lake called the South Loch, but had been drained about the beginning of the last century by a person of the name of Hope, who procured a lease of it on condition that he should not only drain, but lay out the place as they now saw it, with a broad walk round the grass park, fenced with a hedge and a row of trees on each side, with a cross walk through the middle, set with lime-trees; and that it more frequently went by the name of Hope Park. "I am sure," added Mrs W. "we are much indebted to Mr Hope; indeed, I scarcely know what my little ones would do without the Meadows to play in."

Mr Wilson here interrupted his wife to inform the strangers that the large building on the left was another hospital, founded in the year 1738 by virtue of a legacy left by a person named George Watson (whose name it bears), for the purpose of maintaining and educating 60 boys; the whole system of which is conducted in the most liberal manner; and after leaving the hospital, those lads who make choice of a mercantile employment receive each £.100 as apprentice fee; and at the age of 25 years, if they have conducted themselves well, receive the additional sum of £.50, which is designed to enable them to begin the world in a respectable manner. "It is a neat looking place, though very plain," observed Mr Marchmont. "In point of structure," returned Mr W. "it stands but a very poor comparison with Heriot's, another institution of the same nature, which I will point out to you, if you will have the goodness to turn a few paces aside after we have left the Meadow walk."

This building was much admired by the Marchmonts, as it far exceeded their expectation, both with regard to size and elegance of architecture. The lawn on which the hospital stands, enclosed with iron railings and a row of very fine trees, particularly attracted the attention of little Lucy,

who whispered her mother, "that she had not seen any place she would like to play in so well, since she had left the nice fields at home."

Mr Wilson was kind enough to comply with Mr Marchmont's particular request to give him some information respecting the origin and design of the charitable institution now before them, and acquainted him "that the benevolent founder, George Heriot, had been a jeweller, and having furnished jewels to Charles I. received in part of the purchase-money the barony of Broughton, then Crown lands, in the vicinity of Edinburgh. The revenue of these lands, which is only a part of the foundation of the institution," continued Mr W. as they walked on, "is now upwards of £.4000 per annum, and is rapidly increasing. After Heriot's death in 1624, part of his immense fortune was left in trust of the Magistrates to found and endow an hospital for the maintenance and education of as many sons of the distressed freemen of Edinburgh as the sum would provide for."—"I believe, my dear," said Mrs Wilson, "that the whole of the building was not finished till 1660, although it had been begun nearly forty years previous."—"I am not so correct in my information as I could wish," returned her husband; "so I would advise our friends to visit the hospital before they leave town, as the whole is conduct-

ed on a plan well worth the attention of a stranger.”—“What branches of education do the boys receive?” demanded Mr Marchmont. “Much the same as at Watson’s,” replied Mr Wilson; “English, writing, and arithmetic, Latin and French: they also, on leaving the hospital, are entitled to the sum of £.25, and £.5 more at the expiry of their apprenticeship; or if they follow a learned profession, an annuity of £.10 for four years.”

“My dear, is not that eight o’clock striking?” said Mrs Marchmont. “It is indeed,” returned Mr M. “I had no idea that it was so late; we must make the best of our way home, and will not trouble our friends further than may be agreeable, after putting us in the straight way to the New Town.” Mr Wilson declared it his intention to accompany the party home, as the young folks were loath to part so soon, having only commenced acquaintance.

CHAPTER VII.

*Charity Workhouse.—Trades Maiden Hospital.—
College.—Lodgings.—A Family Lecture.*

THE party now turned through a gateway in the old wall that once had surrounded the city, and found themselves in a neatly paved pathway between a hedge-row, which enclosed on each side a small garden belonging to the Charity Workhouse; a large but mean looking building, which Mr Wilson informed them had been erected by voluntary contribution in 1743 for the maintenance of about 700 persons of both sexes, including children, who are accommodated in another house at the opposite extremity of the court. "Contiguous to the hospital for children," continued Mr W. "stands Bedlam, that building with grated windows in the back ground; a shocking place, but well managed. We have also a new Lunatic Asylum, some miles out of town on the Collington road, on a very large scale, and exceedingly well conducted."

"Do look, papa!" exclaimed James: "What a number of children!"—"They have been attending worship with the old people, I believe,"

said Mr Wilson, "and are now returning home to bed."—"May I give that poor little boy with crutches a penny, mamma?" whispered Lucy. "Certainly, my dear," returned Mrs Marchmont, "and give this to his little companion."

"This place is styled the Bristo Port," said Mr Wilson, as they proceeded from the court, "and as far as we can see on the right hand, Bristo-street; but where we are preparing to turn down is called the Candlemaker-row."—"That old building in the corner," observed Mrs Wilson, "is the hospital from whence the young girls are to remove to the new place preparing for their reception, which we saw in the Meadows."—"An agreeable change indeed," said Mrs Marchmont; "but see, the gentlemen are leaving us; we must hasten to overtake them."

"This square has but a dull appearance when compared with your charming place of residence," observed Mr Marchmont, as they entered Brown-square. "It has, indeed," returned Mr Wilson, "but Argyll-square, that we are approaching, is a very neat small place: we lived in one of those houses formerly, till our family increasing, we were obliged to remove to a larger habitation."

"What singing is that?" demanded Mrs Marchmont. "It proceeds from the evening devotion of the young girls in the Trades' Maiden Hospi-

tal just before us," replied Mrs Wilson. "This and the other benevolent institution of a similar nature, that I pointed out at the corner of Bristo-street," continued she, "were established at different periods by the voluntary contributions of the Magistrates and the principal inhabitants of the city; and both hospitals received very handsome donations from Mrs Mary Erskine, a lady equally distinguished by her immense fortune, and by the benevolent manner in which it was expended."—"Come Lucy, my dear," said Mr M. tapping her on the shoulder, as she stood eagerly listening to the singing, "we must be moving, if we intend to reach home to-night."

"Here we come to the College again, I declare," said James; "what a number of different ways there are! I am sure that I should never find my way all through Edinburgh, if I lived here for a twelvemonth."—"I dare say," said George Wilson, "that you could find the road to our house from St David-street in less than a week, if you tried."—"You may depend upon it, George," said Mr Marchmont, "that James will do his best to find his way as soon as possible to a place where he has met with so kind a reception.—This College," continued Mr M. addressing himself to Mr Wilson, "does not stand (in my opinion) in a situation worthy its size and archi-

ture, or the use for which it is designed.”—
“Perhaps not,” returned the latter; “but as the building is only slowly advancing, by the time it is completed, some of the houses that appear to press too much upon it may be removed. I would wish you to visit it before you leave town, as the library and museum are not unworthy of attention.”

Here they were interrupted by an exclamation from the eldest Miss Wilson, who said, that a heavy shower of rain was approaching, and that if they did not get shelter, or hasten home, they would all get wet. “O what a pity!” cried both James and Lucy Marchmont; “we are so far from home, and poor mamma will be made quite ill again! What can she do!”—“We must not stand long here consulting,” returned their father, “it will be too late to make reparation after we are completely soaked.”—“There is only one way,” said Mr Wilson, “and that is, for you to get some conveyance to Prince’s-street directly, and we will take refuge in an entry till the shower be over. Run, George,” continued he, “call that coach which I think appears empty.” George obeyed, and a few minutes more found the Marchmonts comfortably seated in a hackney-coach on their return home. The attention of the children was greatly excited by the hurry and confusion

which the heavy rain spread among the foot passengers, some running, others with such odd umbrellas, and ladies with their gowns over their heads; neither James nor Lucy had ever before seen such a motley group, and consequently were much entertained at the rapid manner in which the streets were cleared. At last Mr Marchmont disturbed their amusement by inquiring how they liked their visit? "You know," continued he, "we ought not to forget our friends' kindness as soon as they are out of sight." The children assured their parents that they had experienced much pleasure, particularly during their walk. Lucy seemed to be exceedingly pleased with the eldest Miss Wilson, who was not so bashful as her sisters, and had endeavoured to render the walk agreeable to her young companions, by her sprightly conversation. "The attention shewn to children by one that is older, is, I confess, very captivating," observed Mrs M. "but I would wish you, Lucy, to cultivate particular acquaintance with Miss Marion, as her mother gave me a very favourable character of her; and her good humour and politeness pleased me very much." The sudden stopping of the coach at the door of the hotel put an end to further remarks; and immediately after alighting, being much fatigued,

they all partook of an early supper, and hastened to bed.

The next day, being that on which they were to be settled in their new lodgings, Mrs Marchmont busied herself all the morning in collecting their things together, and in writing a letter to her mother, to the no small disappointment of the children, who were by this arrangement detained within doors till nearly one o'clock : their father having made a call on an old gentleman who was a bachelor, and his house being kept by a maiden sister, Mr M. was not sure if his young folks would be acceptable company. In this, however, he was quite mistaken, for Mr M'Kenzie was very sorry at not seeing both Mrs Marchmont and the children along with him, and pressed them heartily to drink tea with him the same afternoon, which Mr M. politely declined, saying that he fancied his wife would be too much fatigued, by their removal to their lodging, to admit of more exertion for this day. On his return he found his family ready to accompany him to their new abode, (where they had promised to dine), and after settling accounts at the hotel, and providing a porter for their luggage, they proceeded directly to St David-street, where they soon found themselves settled to their satisfaction.

“ Papa,” said Lucy, as they sat at dinner, “ I find one great loss here, which makes me almost prefer the country, (I am in earnest, James) ; and that is, I cannot run out just for five minutes to play, and then in again as I please, in a large town like this : I am sure if I had been at Woodbank, I should have been many a mile on such a fine day, and now it is past four o’clock, and I have not walked above a hundred yards. I stood looking out of the window, whilst mamma was writing, for an hour at least ; then you were so long of coming in, I watched every body as they passed, in hopes of seeing you ; and James was so much occupied in teaching the people’s dog to jump like our Cæsar, that except the time I was helping mamma to find the tiresome box of wafers, I never spent such a long dull forenoon in my life.”—“ My dear Lucy,” returned her father, “ I have waited patiently for the end of your complaint, before I mention to you the simple remedy. The whole cause of your uneasiness is owing to your having been idle for a greater length of time (I think I may say) than you have ever been since a mere infant ; the cure for idleness is employment : You acknowledge that you did not feel quite so dull when you were hunting for the *tiresome* wafers : it is just the same in the country as in town : I dare say that none of

the little girls you drank tea with last night ever complain of that species of *ennui*, although they have always lived in Edinburgh; they are busy at school all the forenoon, and therefore enjoy their evening recreation. When we were travelling it was different; for though we were not actually employed, yet every turn of the road brought with it a new scene, and both our minds and bodies were, as you may remember, more than ordinarily fatigued. If you were idle at Woodbank, you would find the same tediousness of hours, without even the novelty which presents itself in the street; even running in and out tires; in short, without some stated employment, relaxation loses its charms. I design, therefore, on Monday, to set aside some time for study."

"Remember, papa," interrupted James, "that we are to dine at Mr Woodville's on Monday."—"Visiting in moderation shall not be forgotten," continued Mr Marchmont, "though I have declined an invitation for you this evening, as I should be very sorry by over-indulgence to spoil two very good children; for if you were to accustom yourselves while here to trifle away your forenoons, and to pass every evening in visiting, you would afterwards complain of the dulness of the country on your return. However, we shall endeavour to spend our time here as pleasantly as pos-

sible, and you will enjoy every little excursion doubly after having passed an hour at your studies in French and Latin. And now, in reward for your listening so patiently to this long lecture, as soon as the cloth is removed, we will take a little turn till tea-time, and afterwards perhaps visit the Calton-Hill, though I do not think mamma will be able to accompany us in both our walks, as she rather fatigued herself too much yesterday."

Mrs Marchmont immediately coincided with this proposal, and agreed to defer her walk till after tea, while Lucy and James, after kissing their father, and acknowledging him to be "quite right," equipped themselves in an instant to accompany him into the square, which James was particularly desirous to see, as his mother had admired the buildings so much on the preceding day. After taking a survey of them, they proceeded through George's-street, into Charlotte-square; Mr M. wishing to look at the church he had heard Mrs Woodville mention as being one of the finest in Edinburgh. Lucy agreed that it had certainly a very fine appearance, though for her part she preferred the high steeple of St Andrew's church to the dome on the one now before them; and both the children coincided with their father, that neither would bear a compari-

son with the magnificent structure of the Episcopal chapels which were now erecting.

“ This is certainly a beautiful square,” said James ; “ I never saw such superb houses : I am sure I shall think nothing of St Andrew’s-square again.”—“ And why not ?” demanded Mr Marchmont as they returned home ; “ is the seeing any object, (however it may possibly excel in beauty what you formerly admired), to take away from the merit of the one you had so lately extolled ? That caprice of taste is a dangerous habit, and very easily acquired, and which ultimately prevents the enjoyment of any thing after the novelty ceases : it is besides the offspring of a discontented mind ; for instance, though many of the gentlemens’ seats we saw on our journey may surpass Woodbank in splendour of appearance, and in a more romantic situation, yet you must not, on your return home, be making constant comparisons between what you have seen and what you then possess ; though here is one, I dare say,” continued he, pressing Lucy’s little hand, “ who would be very sorry to exchange the nice fields and garden at Woodbank for the central house in Charlotte-square, with the additional inducement of the clean pavement to walk on, which she thought must be so very agreeable when she first saw the well paved streets of

Edinburgh out of the chaise window." Lucy smiled, and willing to change the conversation, asked her father what church they should attend on the following day? "The mode of worship of the Church of Scotland is so very similar to that of the dissenting meeting we attend at N——, that I think we can do no better than go one part of the day to each of the churches whose exterior has just pleased us so much: But I see it is tea-time," continued he, looking at his watch; "let us hasten home, and allow ourselves time for our evening walk."

"I am afraid," observed Mrs M. as they sat down to tea, "that I shall be deprived of my walk to-night, for I see a very heavy cloud rising in the east."—"Perhaps it may rain a little, mamma," said James; "but you know we need not mind it much, if it clear up as quickly as it did last night."—"But I fear," observed Mr M. "that this wind which is blowing the dust about, and bringing the cloud with it, foretels a settled wet evening; but we shall see what seven o'clock produces, and then, if it continue wet, you will let me have the pleasure of finding two good children submitting patiently to such a trifling disappointment, and deserving of a little indulgence that I have in store for rainy weather." At this their lengthened faces began to brighten,

although the clouds were as gloomy as ever; and by seven o'clock, not one complaint having escaped, their kind father produced from his pocket a purchase he had made in the morning of a new chronological game with counters, which, admitting four to play, and Mr and Mrs Marchmont being willing to contribute to their children's amusement, the whole party were soon so much engrossed in their interesting game, that it was not until the darkness of the evening had set in, that they were reminded of retiring. The children with much reluctance laid aside what had afforded them so much pleasure, and, after having repeatedly thanked their parents for their indulgence to them, withdrew.

CHAPTER VIII.

A Sunday in Edinburgh.—St Andrew's and St George's Churches.—Heriot-Row.—St Bernard's Well.—Assembly-Rooms.—Physicians' Hall.—Excise Office.

“ I HOPE we are not to have a wet Sunday for our first in Edinburgh,” said James, as soon as he

awoke, to the maid who called him. "Oh no, sir," returned she, "the sun is shining quite brightly; but you cannot see it here, as your bed-closet is so dark." On hearing this joyful intelligence James sprang out of bed, and soon joined his parents and sister in the parlour. Directly after breakfast the children sat down to their hymns and catechisms, and repeated them to their mother's satisfaction long before the bells summoned them to church, as Mr Marchmont made it a rule never to encourage any of his family to pass a longer time in bed on a Sabbath morning than on another, thinking it proper to devote at least the same time to the duties of that day, as to the worldly employments of the week.

At last, however, the bells began; the children were quite delighted, for although those of Edinburgh are not remarkable for their melody, yet never having heard any but the mere chime of a country village, they could only leave off admiring them, to notice the astonishing number of people who were flocking to the different places of worship. "I know not a finer sight," said Mr M. as he accompanied his wife and children down stairs; "I know not a finer sight than so many people all hastening to the worship of the same God; but if we are struck with the crowds in the New Town, I should suppose that the

bridges will shew a still greater concourse of people.—But we must walk faster, for, as we are strangers, I should not like to appear obtrusive, or make a confusion by going too late.” They attended St Andrew’s Church in the morning, and were politely accommodated in the seat of a very genteel looking family, who paid them great attention. The lady was particularly struck with the serious manner in which James and Lucy Marchmont behaved, who, although strangers in the church, contented themselves with looking round them before the service began, instead of disturbing every body in the pew by fidgetting up and down, and staring about. Some of the children who sat near them were in several different postures in five minutes. A very little boy did all in his power to catch James’s eye to make him laugh ; but, on finding he could not succeed, at last amused himself by pricking holes in his psalm-book till the service was ended.

On quitting the seat, Mrs M. politely thanked the lady for her civility in accommodating them, which she assured Mrs M. gave her great pleasure, as she was happy to have it in her power to oblige any family whose young people conducted themselves so well ; and clapping Lucy on the back, asked her if she would like to visit her at

her house in George's-street, where she would find several children who would be very glad to have two such nice little English acquaintances. Lucy curtsied, and thanked the lady, whilst Mrs. M. informed her that their stay in Edinburgh would be very short; but that during that time her children would be happy to find leisure to make so agreeable a call. She then left them, after demanding their address, and telling them that they had only to inquire for Sir George L——'s house, whose children (of whom she was the aunt) remained with her and a governess, while their parents visited their estate in the north.

"You see, my dear children," said Mrs Marchmont, as they accompanied her and Mr M. to St George's Church in the afternoon; "you see that proper attention in the house of God meets with its reward, and is noticed even by your fellow-worshippers; and it gave me particular pleasure to observe that you did not forget yourselves this morning, but made your remarks on the appearance of the church before the minister came in." —"I admired it exceedingly," said Lucy, "especially in its shape, and the workmanship on the ceiling. But the fine singing, and the genteel congregation, struck me more than all.—They are certainly both very different from what we

are accustomed to at N——: But what do you think of the nice lined seats? they would suit you, James.”—“ I did not know that I was particularly fond of convenience,” replied he; “ but I was just going to notice the handsome pulpit, and—.”—“ And oh, James, the chandeliers,” exclaimed Lucy. “ Hush,” said Mr M. “ remember we are now entering another church.” Their inquiries for seats were as speedily attended to as in the morning, and they soon found themselves conveniently disposed of. The children were even more pleased with the interior of the church than they had expected, and made their observations in rather too loud a tone, till the entrance of the minister fixed their attention.

As they returned home, Mr and Mrs Marchmont expressed themselves highly satisfied with the minister and his discourse; which even surpassed the idea they had formed of his abilities, from the high encomium bestowed on him by Mrs Woodville; while the children were equally delighted with the beauty of the building, the singing, and the crowded pews.

“ Before we leave town,” said Mr M. “ I mean to indulge you with one attendance at the English Chapel, that you may be gratified with hearing an organ, which I think will delight you, indeed.”—“ Thank you, thank you, papa,” repeat-

ed James ; “ but we shall see and hear so much, that I am afraid we shall be almost stupified with pleasure.”—“ I hope not, my dear boy,” said his mother ; “ and as a proof that you are not quite stupified, I shall expect, directly after tea, a correct account of what you have heard to-day, as you used to do at home.” James promised to obey, and acquitted himself to his parents’ satisfaction. Lucy, too, did all in her power to merit their commendation, by assisting her brother when at a loss ; and they parted in the evening in high spirits, mutually pleased and happy with each other.

“ Lucy,” said James, as soon as they met in the morning, “ I have a plan in my head which will please papa, who, I am sure, does all in his power to give us every indulgence.”—“ What is that ?” demanded she, in a tone of eager inquiry. “ Why, it is now only six o’clock, a full hour before papa and mamma usually make their appearance ; suppose we each sit down quietly and write a French version,—that will surprise them ; and after breakfast we shall have enough to do with our other lessons before we set out for Mrs Woodville’s.” Lucy agreed immediately, and just as they heard their father’s footsteps in the passage, were ready to meet him with a couple of well written pages. It is needless to say that

their kind parents rewarded their application with well bestowed praise and encouragement. After breakfast they renewed their studies; and Lucy was much surprised when one o'clock struck, and warned her to prepare for her visit. "I'll tell you what, mamma," said she as she put by her books, "the foolish misspent forenoon of Saturday reminds me of Miss Edgeworth's Rosamond; you know she was idle too, equally uncomfortable, and cured by the same easy and pleasant method: I only wonder the story did not come into my mind sooner, it would have pointed out the way to relieve my distress."—"It is not always in our power, my dear, to turn our thoughts to what is calculated to remove present uneasiness," returned Mrs M.; "but you now find that what I have so frequently told you is true, that reading even amusing stories conveys more instruction than those who are unaccustomed to apply what they read are even aware of. I mean, as I said before, to add to your little library before we leave Edinburgh—but see, your papa and brother await us; let us make haste."

The landlady's son accompanied them as guide to Heriot-row, and after pointing out Mr Woodville's house, bowed and left them. They were met in the lobby by both Mr and Mrs Woodville, the latter being extremely anxious to introduce

her husband to her much esteemed friends. The four young ladies of the family did not want much introduction, and Lucy, encouraged by their frank and easy manners, entered into conversation with them with great pleasure. James likewise met with a cordial reception from Henry and John, who were now at home for the vacation; but the latter was still to spend another year with his master in Glasgow, while Henry, who was destined for the church, was to commence his studies in the University. "I highly approve of this mode of education for boys," said Mr M. as Mr Woodville mentioned the plan he had adopted; "though I own I am not so partial to the fashionable boarding-schools for girls, as being frequently the cause of much vanity and folly. There are, however, many exceptions even in this case; but with regard to boys, it is certainly the best system that can be adopted, for in a genteel school, with a limited number, they have more advantages than the best private education can afford, without the danger of acquiring the vulgar habits and manners which must be expected in large and mixed seminaries; but as I have no particular occupation, I amuse myself with educating my young ones at home."—"I wish it were in my power to pursue that method," said Mr W. "but that my situation entirely prevents;

my younger girls are still at a good school in the neighbourhood, and my eldest is finishing her acquirements with masters."

They were now interrupted by the summons to dinner ; after which, till the appearance of tea, the young ladies amused their friends with their performance on the piano, in which two of them particularly excelled. Lucy, too, acquitted herself much better than her mother expected, owing to the great want of practice occasioned by the late affliction in the family, and for which her kind friends made every allowance.

After tea, while the ladies were preparing for a walk, Henry and John conducted James Marchmont to their room, and shewed him some maps and drawings they had brought with them from school, with which James was not a little pleased, as he had a particular taste for drawing himself, and admired it much in the performances of others. The party now accepted Mrs Woodville's proposal of a walk to St Bernard's Well by the Water of Leith ; and immediately quitting Heriot-row, they turned down a pleasant lane which conducted them to the water-side. Mrs Marchmont observed to her friend, that their place of residence was most agreeably situated. " Indeed," added she, " I think Heriot-Row one of the most genteel places I have seen ; and its

vicinity to so romantic a walk, must render it doubly pleasant and healthy for the young people."—"Yes," replied Mrs W. "and there is scarcely one fine evening that does not find us on this our favourite ramble, though I prefer sending the younger children with a servant to the parks that lie near the Custom-House, thinking the water-side dangerous."

When they reached Stockbridge, the picturesque scenery particularly attracted the attention of Mr and Mrs Marchmont; nor was it lost upon their son and daughter, who had always been accustomed to view the beauties of nature with great delight. "How pretty, mamma," said Lucy, "the temple looks just peeping between the trees."—"That edifice was erected over a chalybeate spring, justly distinguished for the medicinal virtues of its water," returned Mr Woodville, "when the late Lord Gardenstone purchased the property of the well. The statue you now see is that of Hygeia, the Goddess of Health, which is well proportioned, though rather too large for a near view." Every winding of the walk opened a new prospect; and the strangers were so pleased, that they loitered on the banks till the setting sun reminded them that it was time to return.

“ If equally agreeable to you,” said Mrs Woodville, “ instead of retracing our steps, we may ascend this road, which brings us into the west end of Queen-street, and we can then accompany you home.” They all acceded willingly to this proposal, and the young people were particularly pleased with an arrangement that did not separate them so early as they feared. Having gained the summit of the hill, they once more looked behind on a prospect rendered still more lovely by the golden rays of the sun, which had now almost disappeared among the thick foliage, then at an opening again shot its brightest gleams as if unwilling to disenrobe so beautiful a scene. James Marchmont, and his companion Henry, regretted that they had neither materials nor time sufficient to take a sketch of a view they both admired so much.

“ Your son and mine,” said Mr Woodville to Mr Marchmont, “ appear to have very congenial tastes, and I hope during your stay in Edinburgh that you will permit him to pass as much time as is agreeable with us in Heriot-row.” Mr M. assured him that nothing would give James greater pleasure than the cultivation of such pleasant acquaintance. As they returned home through George’s-street, Mr Woodville pointed out the Assembly-Rooms, which, he informed

his friends, amply compensated for their plain exterior, by the size, proportion, and elegant appearance of the apartments within. "I fear," continued he, "that you will not be able to see them unless a public meeting be held while you remain here, as the rooms are seldom open in summer; but in winter they are much resorted to, and employed for the different purposes of assemblies, school-balls, concerts, and public dinners." Mr W. next directed the attention of the strangers to the Physicians' Hall, a neat looking building, standing in a small garden facing the street; the College of Physicians, Mr Woodville observed, had been incorporated by a charter from Charles II. which required the members of the institution to visit every apothecary's shop within the city twice a-year at least, for the purpose of destroying pernicious drugs.

The party then turned into St Andrew's-square, where Mr Woodville pointed out the Excise Office, which, he added, had been erected by the late Sir Laurence Dundas as a residence for himself; but his son Lord Dundas had parted with this handsome building to Government, who had appropriated it for an excise office.

And now having conducted their friends home, Mr and Mrs Woodville took leave, with repeated

entreaties that every leisure hour might be spent in Heriot-row.

CHAPTER IX.

Musical Bells.—Calton Hill.—Nelson's Monument.

THE following morning the children were disturbed at their lessons by the arrival of Mr Wilson's young people, claiming an engagement to go together to see the musical bells. "I had almost forgotten it," said Lucy, as she accompanied her friends down stairs. "Not I," replied James; "but I was fearful of mentioning it, lest papa should think my mind is ever on amusement."

As they turned into Prince's-street they met Mr Marchmont, who exclaimed, "A merry party indeed! Do you design to ascend to the top of the weathercock?"—"Not quite so high, I hope, papa," said Lucy laughing, "or I should soon spin down into the street."—"I am afraid, sir," said Miss Wilson, "that you will not like to trust your son and daughter with such young guides; but we shall not go up the stairs by ourselves, as

a particular friend will meet us at the door, and will take care of us, with his own young people, who are likewise to be of the party."—Mr Marchmont replied, that he was not at all apprehensive, but would trouble Miss Wilson to put them in the proper way home before three o'clock. "I'll see them home, sir," cried Charles Wilson, eager to be off. "Come away, James; never mind the girls, they will be a rare time in creeping." So, pulling him on by the arm, they reached the High-street in a few minutes; the rest of the party were not far behind, and joining their friends at the door, began slowly to ascend the dark stair-case that leads to the top of the church. "Where are you, James?" cried Charles Wilson; "you are not half a sailor, I'm mostly at the top already."—"James is taking care of his sister to be sure; an example which you ought to imitate, Charles," said Mr Belmont. Charles, awed by this reply, turned quietly down the stairs, and assisted the females of the party to ascend. It was not without a great deal of labour and difficulty, that they found themselves in the small apartment, where the bells are played.

The man who performed on them, to gratify the young ladies, allowed them to endeavour to strike any tune they pleased. "Dear me, how stupid!" said Anne Belmont, on finding that

Marion Wilson failed in her attempts to produce 'Rule Britannia;' "I'm sure it seems as easy as the piano."—"Pray Miss Marion, let us be favoured by Anne's wonderful performance," said her father ironically. "Nay, now you are laughing, papa," returned Anne; "I won't touch the nasty thing, for you know I hate to be laughed at, that I do." Her father, however, insisted upon her compliance, and forced the young lady to obey, which, added to the chagrin of not finding her hands sufficiently strong to strike the chords, produced such a violent flood of tears as made poor Lucy tremble exceedingly, as she was not much accustomed to such scenes. Mr Belmont perceived her distress, and desired the man to amuse them with a lively air; when, putting a leather guard round his hand, he immediately struck into a merry reel, which pleased the children so much, that Lucy, forgetting her dread of climbing, accepted her brother's arm up another flight of steps to see how the bells appeared on the outside, while the man within was striking the notes. They stopped here some time, looking over the parapet-wall at the different objects passing beneath them, till Mr Belmont summoned them home.

"It will be a great deal worse, I see, to go down those frightful stairs," said Anne, who had

not yet recovered from her sulkiness ; “ I’m very sorry that I ever came ; and unless papa carries me, I will just sit still.” — “ How can you be so cross ?” replied her sister ; “ it is very wrong to speak so, when you would not be quiet till you made one of the party.” Lucy Marchmont, seeing Mr Belmont look very angry, and exclaim against such absurd fear, determined very wisely to descend quietly, without giving herself time to imagine any danger ; and Anne, finding that her father paid no attention to her as she sat crying, but was already half-way down, thought it best to slide and scramble after them in the best way she could, and at length joined the party covered with dust and her frock torn in three places.

Marion Wilson, with her brother Charles, who began to like the company of James Marchmont exceedingly, saw their young friends home, and accepted an invitation for as many of their family as were disengaged to drink tea with the Marchmonts, and to accompany them for an evening walk round the Calton Hill. “ Be sure and come directly after dinner,” said Lucy, as she shook hands with Marion Wilson at parting : “ We drink tea early.”

James and Lucy amused their parents till the arrival of their visitors, with a description of their

morning's entertainment, which had pleased them very much, though both agreed that they certainly were not compensated for the trouble of ascending and descending the long narrow stair. Neither of them adverted to Miss Anne Belmont's bad conduct, as their parents had brought them up with the idea that it was very wrong and malicious, unnecessarily to expose the faults of their companions. The entrance of Mr and Mrs Wilson, with part of their family, caused Mrs Marchmont to order tea directly; and as soon as the tea-equipage was removed, they all prepared for their walk.

“ We shall not have sufficient time to visit any of the buildings on the hill,” said Mr Wilson, “ so we must content ourselves with a walk round for this evening's amusement.”—“ What a noble prospect !” exclaimed Mrs Marchmont, as soon as she had recovered from her fatigue in ascending the steep street that leads to the hill; “ how wonderfully fine the old town appears, with the Castle to crown the irregular buildings.”—“ The whole of the view from the Calton Hill is unequalled for extent and variety of scene,” returned Mr W. “ To whatever side you turn, the richest continuation of prospect presents itself. Indeed the view from this spot first suggested the idea of a panorama, and consequently

that of Edinburgh was the first that made its appearance."—"This will be a still more fashionable promenade when the new road and the Regent's Bridge are finished," observed Mrs W.; "for certainly the old ascent to the hill is rather fatiguing to those who are unaccustomed to such labour."

Mr Wilson now directed the attention of the party to the New Jail, Warder's Tower, Bridewell, &c. and particularly pointed out the New London Road, which, by means of the Bridge, connects Prince's-street to the hill, thus forming a grand entrance into the city. This road, he informed the strangers, had been completed in a very short space of time, with the greatest labour, by forcing a passage through the rocks and other impediments.

The party had now reached the summit of the hill, where the monument erected to the memory of Lord Nelson attracted the attention of the strangers. Mr Marchmont remarked the exact proportion and elegant structure of the building, while Mrs M. observed the neatness and taste of the small shrubbery which surrounds the pathway leading to the door of the edifice, in which Mr Wilson informed them a coffee-house was kept. Mr W. then proposed that Mr Marchmont should accompany him to the top of the

monument, while the ladies and children awaited them on one of the benches. "All in character, I perceive," said Mrs Marchmont, as she remarked the vessel carved over the door of the coffee-house, and the several naval symbols and allusions with which the whole is decorated.

The children did not long sit still, and Lucy asked her mother, If she might run a little on the grass? "To be sure, my dear," returned she; "and I dare say Marion does not think herself too old to join you in a trip." Lucy smiled, and skipped off with Marion, but in a minute she was back again: "Oh, mamma, the prettiest house and garden! The house all made of white wood! You must come and see it."—"Must I," said her mother rising; "Well, it is very neat, indeed. Such pretty roses! Just like those at Woodbank; eh, Lucy?" Mrs Wilson informed Mrs M. that the house belongs to the person who takes care of the flag-staff. "It is a very pleasant residence in summer," added she; "but I should think it too cold for a winter habitation."

The gentlemen then returned to them, much gratified with the magnificent view from the top of the monument; and then, without further loss of time, they all proceeded on their walk round the hill. As they went along, Mr Wilson pointed out the Canongate, which, he in-

formed the party, is a distinct town annexed to Edinburgh, with magistrates, police, and other privileges, independent of the adjacent city. Mr W. also made the strangers observe the Abbey and Palace of Holyroodhouse, and the several objects that gradually presented themselves as they continued winding round the hill.

At length they reached the northern side of it, where the eye is at once struck by the view of Leith, the shipping in the docks and roads, the extensive coast stretching to the eastward, the islands interspersing the Frith, the hills in Fife, and the nearer objects of varied town and country scenery;—all this, with the additional ornament of the rich gilding of an autumnal sun, produced an effect at once so grand and beautiful, that the party could not think of returning, till the sun, sinking in the horizon, reminded them that it was getting late.

The Marchmonts parted with their friends at the foot of the hill, and returned home highly delighted with their evening's ramble.

CHAPTER X.

A Walk to Leith.—Glass-Houses.—Steam-Engine.

“MY dears,” said Mr Marchmont to his children, as they were seated at breakfast, “I have laid a plan for the disposal of our time to-day and to-morrow, which I hope will meet with your approbation. I design to set off immediately to Leith, as the day is so very fine, and your mamma is well enough to accompany us without fearing the consequences of fatigue.” The children made no other reply than by jumping up and hastily embracing their indulgent father, and then directly prepared to set out on this pleasant excursion.

It was indeed a very fine day, the dust had been laid by a shower that had fallen during the night, and a gentle sea-breeze counteracting the heat of the sun, rendered the air cool and refreshing.

Mr and Mrs Marchmont with their children led the way, and a young girl (whom Mrs M. had hired to wait on her during her residence in Edinburgh) followed behind, with a bundle containing the necessary articles required for spending a night at the inn at Leith. The children were in

very high spirits, and chatted away merrily as they went along, making various remarks on the different objects that presented themselves to their notice. An elegant shop of crystal-ware particularly attracted their attention, and Lucy expressed a desire to purchase a small smelling-bottle to carry home to her sister; but her mother soon convinced her how useless such a present would be to so young a child, and Lucy wisely resolved to keep her money till she could find something more suitable to give a little girl of seven years old.

They now entered Leith by a long, narrow, dark street, called the Kirkgate, where the bustle of carts and coaches obliged Lucy to keep firm hold of her father's hand, and for once to refrain from looking around her. The noise and confusion increased, when, after turning down the Tolbooth-wynd, the party found themselves upon the quay, and in full view of a scene, of which the younger branches of it had formed no idea. The old drawbridge was raised to permit a vessel to pass into the harbour, which was full of shipping; one large merchantman was under weigh, some smacks receiving passengers and their luggage on board, other smaller vessels unloading; the noise of the sailors pulling and adjusting their ropes; carpenters working at the vessels on the

stocks; women crying fish and fruit at the same time, and off the same stall; stage-coaches driving off; carts, colliers, people, and children, all running and bustling in different directions, produced such an effect on both James and Lucy, that for some time neither could utter a word.

At length the former broke silence by exclaiming, "Well, though I have heard of ships, and the sea, and seen pictures of both, yet I never could form any proper idea of them; not even last night, when we saw the sea so plainly from the Calton Hill, and the ships sailing about, could ever make me suppose that I should find them half so large."—"All are not of the same size, however, James," said Lucy; "that one has only one mast, and look what a pretty little green boat there is, just rowing off!—Papa, do you know I should like to sail on the sea," continued she, looking up to her father with an inquiring countenance: "You know I never was on the water in my life but twice, in the little boat at my uncle's."—"Yes, we may, I'm sure," cried James, "from papa's smile. Thank you, thank you! How good you are to us!" continued both the children at once. "But I'm afraid our time will fail us if we stand loitering here," interrupted Mrs Marchmont; "so I think we had better rest ourselves at the inn, and then proceed to the glass-houses directly."

They soon procured the necessary accommodation of apartments at an inn upon the shore, as the whole party were easily satisfied for one night with regard to lodging, and were willing to put up with a little inconvenience rather than lose sight of the harbour and shipping, which must have been the case, had they gone to the more fashionable part of the town.

As soon as they had rested a little, and partaken of some refreshment, Mr Marchmont ordered dinner to await them at three o'clock; and then, accompanied by his wife and children, followed the waiter's direction to the glass-works. On their way thither, Mr Marchmont regretted exceedingly that he had no friend in Leith who could conduct them through the principal parts of the town; but suddenly recollecting that an old school-fellow of his, who had settled in Edinburgh, had been all the summer at Seafield, and understanding from the servant who kept his friend's house in town, that it was in the vicinity of Leith, he resolved to trace Mr Ramsay's present residence, and succeeded in finding himself and family agreeably situated in airy furnished lodgings facing the sea.

After various congratulations had passed, Mr Marchmont informed Mr Ramsay of his intention of spending a couple of days in visiting the most

remarkable objects in Leith, and being wholly without a guide, begged the favour of Mr R. if disengaged, to accompany him on this excursion. Mr Ramsay assured his friend that nothing would give him greater pleasure ; and immediately proceeded to the glass manufactory, where the whole party had particular attention paid them, as Mr Ramsay was well acquainted with the overseer of the works.

The astonishment which both the children expressed on beholding the curious operation of the making of glass, was only equalled by their fear of being burnt by the red-hot bottles which were passing in every direction. The pieces of burnt glass with which the floor was strewed likewise attracted their attention, and James filled his pockets, at his sister's request, with the prettiest specimens he could find.

After quitting the house where the bottles were manufactured, they were conducted by the overseer to where the glass for window-panes is prepared ; and the party were much pleased by the wonderful process it goes through, when from a small piece of red-hot matter they saw it expand, as the blower increased the strength of his breath, to large circular pieces of transparent glass, which, after standing some time to cool, was pared off into oblong shapes, of different sizes, fitted for

the panes of windows. After expressing themselves highly delighted with this branch of the manufacture, the company followed their conductor into another building, where the process of crystal-ware is carried on. The children were here even more entertained than before, as the house was lighter, and they could easily see the various crystal utensils, as they were struck off from the blower's tube.

One of the men was kind enough to permit James to try his skill in blowing, and after many attempts he produced a small globe, which greatly to his disappointment shivered to pieces at his touch. The glass-blower, however, to console him, blew a globe for himself and sister, rendered more durable by being passed directly through the furnace.

Mr Ramsay now informed his friends, that if agreeable, he would conduct them to the ware-room, where they would not only see a beautiful variety of articles for sale, but also be gratified by seeing the art of engraving on glass in great perfection.

The party hastened thither immediately, fearing that they were rather late, and arrived in time to see a pair of decanters engraved with the coat of arms and motto of the nobleman for whom they were designed. "I wonder they don't break

the glass with grinding it so hard," said James. "There's no danger, master," replied one of the workmen, who overheard his remark; "there's no danger, if we take care."

"Mamma," said Lucy, "what noise is that?"—"Don't you see that large log of wood thumping up and down," interrupted her brother; "that occasions the noise, to be sure."—"But can you tell her what the log of wood, as you call it, is employed for, James?" asked Mr Marchmont. James was silent, and hung down his head, till Mr Ramsay, willing to relieve his embarrassment, said good-naturedly—"Come, suppose we take a nearer view of this steam-engine."—"A steam-engine, is it?" cried he, brightening up, "how often I have wished to see one!—what is this used for?"—"It assists in turning the machinery for the engraving," returned Mr R. "Come here, Miss Lucy." Lucy obeyed, and continued chatting with Mr Ramsay and her brother about the wonders that can be performed by steam, until the overseer, who had been shewing some specimens of engraving to Mrs Marchmont, asked the rest of the party to accompany him to the ware-room, where they were all highly delighted with the large collection of cut glass lamps, chandeliers, lustres, &c.

The hour now arriving when it was customary to close the doors, the strangers were obliged to depart ; but before quitting the place, Mr Ramsay made each of the children accept of a trifle, to remember the glass warehouse : to Lucy he presented just such a pretty little smelling-bottle as she had admired in the morning on her walk ; and James went off, equally pleased, with a very beautiful ship, quite complete, in glass. Mr Ramsay then bade adieu to his friends, promising to return early with some of his family, for the purpose of partaking with them the pleasure of a sail in the afternoon.

CHAPTER XI.

An Excursion on the Water.—Shipping in Leith-roads.

ON the return of the Marchmonts to the inn, they found dinner waiting, for which their walk and the sea air had procured them all a good appetite, although it was not their accustomed hour. As soon as the cloth was removed, Lucy asked her parents' permission to go down to the

sands to pick up some shells, but they advised her to defer her ramble till the following morning, when the tide would be more suitable. "Besides," added Mr Marchmont, "we must soon prepare for our wonderful sail; you cannot have forgotten that."—"Oh no, papa," cried James, "that's impossible, I'm sure; at least for my part, I never anticipated more pleasure from any thing."—"I hope, however," continued Mr M. "my little Lucy will not be sea-sick, for that would spoil all."—"No danger, papa," replied she, smiling; "you know I bore the journey remarkably well; and you told me, that the motion of the carriage was very like what I would feel if I were ever on the water."

Here she was interrupted by the arrival of Mr and Mrs Ramsay, with their eldest son and daughter. Mr R. informed them, that, agreeably to their desire, he had procured a boat, which was then waiting for them at the end of the pier. Mrs Marchmont and Lucy then hurried on their hats, and the rest of the party being ready, they all set off in high spirits. Edward Ramsay and James ran on first, towards the boat, and soon got themselves comfortably seated. Lucy was a little timorous on observing the boat heave considerably, and shift from side to side. "The man must steady it," said she, "else I shall

certainly miss the edge, and step into the water.” —“ Don’t be afraid, miss,” replied he, offering his arm, while James giving his sister an encouraging look, she took a spring, and found herself safe by his side ; the others quickly followed her, and the boat rowed off.

James was much pleased in being permitted to handle an oar, but he soon found that he was quite unfit for the employment. “ I had no idea, said he, “ that it required so much strength to row a boat ; I wonder the man is not tired.” —“ I shall take a rest presently, sir,” returned he, “ and then put up a sail.” The novelty of putting up this sail was so pleasing to both the lads, that they officiously offered to assist the man, who good-humouredly allowed them to amuse themselves, though it must be acknowledged that they were very much in his way. Miss Ramsay sat reclining in a corner, hanging one arm over, and drawing her fingers through the water. Lucy having in vain endeavoured to lead her into conversation, was obliged to content herself with listening to Mr Ramsay, who was giving her father an account of the docks and other objects that presented themselves to their notice as they sailed along. “ Pray, sir,” said she, when Mr R. had left off speaking, “ is that the island we see from the Calton-Hill, that is called Inch-Keith ?”

—“ It is, my dear,” replied he ; “ and that tower on the summit is a light-house, to direct vessels towards Leith : we shall see the light in about a couple of hours.”

They now approached the shipping in the roads, and Mr Ramsay having a slight acquaintance with the captain of the frigate then on the station, ordered the boatman to draw up alongside of her, and then, with their parents’ consent, conducted their children on board. The ladies preferred waiting in the boat with Mr Marchmont, while Edward Ramsay and James climbed up the side of the vessel manfully ; and Lucy forgetting her fears in her eagerness to be on board such a large ship, permitted herself to be drawn up in a chair. The captain very kindly conducted the little strangers through the different parts of the vessel ; and it was with some difficulty that the party in the boat could excuse themselves from going on board to partake of tea in the cabin.

Mrs Marchmont was not inclined to hurry her children away from a scene that appeared to interest them so much, and that they were not likely to see again for some time ; but Mr M. fearing the effects of the evening air on both her and Mrs Ramsay, was obliged to summon them home.

Lucy was much surprised and delighted with

what she had seen, but James was quite in ecstasies. “ Dear me, mamma,” said he, as soon as his eagerness permitted him to speak, “ I wonder you ever pity the sailors; I am sure there is no life I should like better myself: the prettiest cabin, just like a parlour, so snug and comfortable; plenty of nice books to read; and then, if tired of sitting still, it is so pleasant to walk and take the air upon deck; besides, I dare say, in time I should be able to run up the ropes as the sailors do.”—“ But, James,” interrupted his father, “ when the sea, no longer smooth as you now behold it, is ruffled by a severe storm of wind, so as to cause the ship to pitch and heave, and afford no more sitting still in the snug little cabin, or quiet walks upon the deck, then covered with water; the vessel on one side, apparently sinking to the bottom of the sea, and just raising itself on the other to allow the poor seamen, with such ropes as remain, either to lash themselves to the broken masts, or, on rotten planks, endeavour to save themselves on the distant shore:—While at other times hideous rocks present themselves directly in the course the vessel is pursuing, on whose rugged sides the unconscious crew are rushing to immediate and certain danger—” —“ Oh, enough, papa; most horrible!” replied James; “ thank you for letting me understand

the difference between being quietly at anchor in Leith-roads, and braving the dangers of the ocean."—"Quite poetical," said Miss Ramsay, who till now had scarcely opened her mouth; "I declare, Mr James, you are quite poetical." Lucy did not quite understand her companion's speech, or observe the confusion into which it had thrown her brother; but glad, at all events, to draw Miss R. into discourse, did not allow her to relapse into her former silence; and asking her if she liked poetry, by degrees got so well acquainted, that at parting Miss R. offered herself as a companion and guide to Lucy on the following morning, in her proposed search after shells; adding, that she would also bring her younger sisters Mary and Jane, to join them in their walk.

When the boat stopped at the pier, Edward and James expressed great reluctance at leaving the water, and both parties set off to their respective habitations; the Ramsays being prevented by an engagement at home, from accepting the pressing invitations of Mrs Marchmont to join them at tea.

"I don't like that Miss Ramsay at all," said James, as soon as they were out of hearing; "and am very sorry, Lucy, that you made any engagement with her for to-morrow; it is easy to

see that she will spoil our walk."—"How could I help it?" replied she; "I could not tell her that I did not like her."—"No, to be sure; but mamma, was she not very disagreeable and affected?"—"I cannot say that I admired her behaviour much," returned Mrs Marchmont; "but you have not told me how you enjoyed your much desired sail: had not we better talk about that, than endeavour to seek out our friends' faults as soon as they have left us?" Lucy acknowledged the truth of what her mother said, and both expressed themselves highly gratified with their evening's excursion.

After tea the children obtained their mother's consent to make the purchase of a small osier basket, to contain the shells they intended to select next day; and as soon as they returned, as it was late, and they were all much fatigued, they wished their parents good-night, and retired to rest.

CHAPTER XII.

A Letter.—A Walk by the Sea-side.—A Visit on board a London Smack.

THE children were awakened early by the noise and bustle in the inn-yard; and as it wanted nearly two hours of their usual time for breakfast, Lucy employed herself in preparing, on a scrap of paper, the contents of a letter to her brother Edward, which she designed to copy off properly when her father was at leisure to give her the proper materials.

As soon as her parents came down, they requested her to read what she had been writing; she obeyed immediately, and read to this effect:

Leith, August 1817.

DEAR EDWARD,

I dare say you will be surprised at seeing the above date, as you will suppose us still in Edinburgh; but we are here for a couple of days, just to see the town, which, though not half so large as Edinburgh, is twice as bustling. Here is the sea, with plenty of ships sailing on it; there are

many of such large sizes that you can form no idea of them.

Last night we were on the sea too, in a nice boat, with some friends of papa's ; and I am going presently to pick up pretty shells, and seaweed, and pebbles, and I have bought a little basket to put them in, which I will bring home quite full for you and Jane. Yesterday we were at the glass manufactory, and saw the whole process. I have got a little smelling-bottle, and James a ship, all made of glass.—Oh ! and last night, when we were on the sea, we went on board of a large vessel; just such a one as is in the picture in the nursery at home, and went through all the different parts of it. But if I once begin to tell you all the wonderful things that we have seen, both here and in Edinburgh, I should never leave off; so I must defer it till we meet again, which I hope will be soon, as I am very anxious to see you all again ; for though we are so exceedingly happy here, we never forget dear Woodbank.

We shall go back to Edinburgh either to-night or to-morrow, so shall expect our letters addressed there as usual. Mamma says, that she hopes grandmamma received one she wrote last week, otherwise she is afraid you will think us negligent. Tell dear Jane that I heartily thank her for her

well-written postscript to grandmamma's letter, and I will try to answer it some time next week. I have not room to write more at present, but with the united love of papa, mamma, and James, remain,

Your affectionate sister,

LUCY MARCHMONT.

Lucy had just finished when her new acquaintances called to summon her to their walk. She gladly obeyed, and running for her bonnet, set off in her usual high spirits, with her little basket on her arm.

James, who did not much like the party, was not so anxious as usual for a new occupation, but not being able to resist the novelty of shell-gathering, walked slowly after.

When they reached the sands, they found the tide had not sufficiently withdrawn to permit them immediately to begin their search ; but the Marchmonts were too much amused by seeing the number of people bathing, and pleased with watching the bathing-machines, drawing in and out of the water, to regret the loss of time, as it afforded them an opportunity of witnessing a scene which was to them at once new and surprising.

At length the ebbing of the tide allowed them to extend their walk, and they began eagerly to

seek for shells and sea-weeds. Lucy and James were at first so easily satisfied, and so delighted with what they collected, that the little basket was soon quite full ; but finding their companions laughed at them for gathering such trash, though a little displeased with this interference, they soon confessed their ignorance, and throwing away their treasure, agreed to submit in future to Miss Ramsay's decision as to what would be fit to keep, as she was more acquainted with such things than they were.

The Ramsays, however, were soon tired of this peaceable occupation, and being tempted by some logs of wood at a distance, to convert them into a see-saw, they left their companions to pick up what they chose, and continued to amuse themselves in the wood-yard, till Lucy, hearing one o'clock strike, was afraid of being later than her mother intended, and hurrying her brother away, rejoined the party. " I think," said Lucy, " we had better go home ; I am sure mamma will expect us."—" I am sure of no such thing," returned Miss Ramsay ; " you are all going to dine with us : did not your papa say so, Mr James ?" James replied, that he had only heard her invitation, but did not attend to his father's answer, and that his sister had gone for her bonnet and knew nothing of the matter. " Oh, but you are

to go, I know," continued Miss R. "so you may as well stay here a little, and then we can go together."

The children hesitated, till James said, "I really think at least we had better go home first and hear what mamma says."—"Bless me!" cried Miss Ramsay, "are you still in leading-strings? Hear what mamma says! Well, I wish Ned heard that."—"I hope, Miss Ramsay," said Lucy calmly, though her heart was beating quickly, and her little face coloured from vexation; "I hope your brother may never hear any thing worse than two children expressing their wishes to attend to the commands of a parent to whom they are so much indebted. Good morning: If we are to spend the day at your house, we shall of course accompany our parents at the usual hour." So saying, she took her brother's arm, who had remained silent with surprise at the manner in which she had undertaken his defence, and walking away quickly, would not allow James to add any thing to what she had said, not wishing altogether to quarrel with the Ramsays, who stood staring after them till they were out of sight.

The children had some difficulty in tracing their way back to the inn, where they found their parents awaiting their arrival, to introduce them to a Dr Stanley and his family, who had that

morning arrived in a smack from London, and accidentally meeting with Mr Marchmont in the passage of the inn, had expressed great pleasure in renewing his acquaintance. "Was that the gentleman, papa, that you had been speaking to this morning, and had just parted with when the Ramsays came bustling in?" demanded James. "It was, my dear," returned Mr M.; "but as you say, the bustling in of the Ramsays put a stop to my conversation, and prevented my introducing you to my friend at that time, and that is the reason I have deferred my visit to Mr Ramsay's till to-morrow."—"There now, Lucy," cried James; "I am glad of it."—"What's the matter, Lucy?" asked Mrs M.: "you are very grave; you surely have not been quarrelling?" "No, mamma; but—but"—and, unable to contain any longer, poor Lucy burst into tears.

James immediately gave the requisite explanation to his anxious parents, when Mrs Marchmont, catching Lucy in her arms, kissed off her tears, while she inwardly blessed the Almighty for having given her such dutiful children. "At this time, my dear Lucy," said she, "your duty is rewarded, for the family to whom your papa is going to introduce you, leave Leith to-morrow morning early for the North, and wish us to spend the remainder of the day with them in their apartments

up stairs." The children were highly delighted with this arrangement, and, eager to see the little Stanleys, of whom they had often heard their father talk in the highest terms of commendation, prepared for their visit, with which they were all much pleased.

In the evening they walked round the docks with Dr Stanley ; and little Sophia and Alfred, who during their voyage to Scotland had thought themselves experienced sailors, entertained the Marchmonts with an account of their passage, which interested them so much, particularly the description of the nice little cabin, and the pleasure of sitting on the little green bench, that Dr Stanley offered to conduct the children on board the smack, where the captain was very glad to see his young passengers again, and paid them and the little strangers the greatest attention : They staid on board the smack till a late hour, when they returned to the inn, and after partaking of a treat of fruit at Mrs Stanley's request, they parted for the evening with great reluctance.

CHAPTER XIII.

*Grammar School.—Exchange Buildings.—Bank.
—Custom House.—New Docks.—Return to
Edinburgh.*

EARLY on the following morning, the Marchmonts hastened to take leave of their friends the Stanleys, who were going to set off to Inverness-shire, where Dr S. had purchased an estate. Mr Marchmont and James accompanied them to the coach, and returned to breakfast with heightened appetites.

“ I am sure the sea air agrees with me,” said James, as he finished his basin of bread and milk. “ And with me too,” returned Mrs M.: “ I never felt better in my life, and am ready to set out for a walk as soon as agreeable.”—“ Indeed, dear mamma, I never saw you looking better,” said Lucy, rising and kissing her cheek; “ you are quite well again; your eyes are as bright and sparkling as they used to be.” Mrs M. smiled, and returning her little daughter’s caresses, began immediately to prepare for a ramble by the sea-side.

The little basket was emptied of the shells it had contained the day before, and the children

began their search with renewed pleasure ; and both agreed how much pleasanter it was to have dear papa and mamma for the companions of their walk.

Mr Marchmont had taken a pocket telescope and a camp-stool with him, and when fatigued they rested by turns, enjoying through the telescope the view of the vessels sailing up the Frith, the hills on the opposite coast, and the little islands with which the Frith is interspersed.

At length the heat of the day reminded them that the forenoon was far advanced, and Mr M. finding by his watch that it was more than twelve o'clock, they hastened home to prepare for their visit to Mr Ramsay's. The children did not anticipate much pleasure from meeting their acquaintances again ; but Miss Ramsay did not seem willing to recall to Lucy's remembrance a scene in which she was well convinced she had acted an improper part, and therefore met her with great good humour, and endeavoured, by redoubled protestations of kindness, and her utmost assiduity to please, to obliterate from Lucy's memory their late quarrel, and to encourage her to her usual frankness and high spirits. She soon succeeded with the artless Lucy, who was much more pleased to have the affair thus happily terminated, than some silly children would have

been in her situation, who would have rather prolonged a dispute a little, for the gratification of saying they were in the right, or the satisfaction of shewing that they felt their own superiority.

After dinner the party took a walk on the Links, (or Downs), where Mr Ramsay pointed out the Grammar School, a plain neat building, ornamented with a small dome. "The foundation-stone of the building was laid in 1806, and the whole erected by voluntary contribution," said Mr R. : "the rooms for the different classes are also elegant and commodious." Mr Ramsay then conducted the strangers through the more fashionable part of the town, which is much to be admired for its neatness and regularity : he likewise directed their attention to the Exchange Buildings, which contain an assembly-room, coffee-room, sale-rooms, subscription library, &c.

They then proceeded down St Bernard-street, and were much pleased with the plain and elegant structure of the New Bank, which Mr Ramsay informed them was erected in 1806.

Opposite to St Bernard-street, on the north side of the shore, the party crossed the harbour by a drawbridge, erected for the purpose of affording easier access to the new docks ; and then were directed by Mr R. to examine the Custom House, a new and beautiful building re-

cently raised for the additional convenience of the merchants. The strangers were then conducted by their friends to look at the docks, which were at that time uncommonly crowded with vessels, some of which were of the largest class. Mr R. next pointed out the bastion and battery, over which the waves of a full tide were then dashing in rude majesty. Their attention was likewise attracted by the prominent situation and appearance of the newly erected church, a handsome edifice with a spire, built two or three years ago, on account of the old place of worship being much decayed, and consequently dangerous.

On their return from this part of the town, which Mr R. informed the strangers was called North Leith, he directed their attention to a spot where a house, said to be formerly the residence of Oliver Cromwell, has been lately taken down : they afterwards crossed the old drawbridge on their way home ; and Mrs Marchmont being too much fatigued to proceed back to Seafield, she at length prevailed on Mr and Mrs Ramsay to accompany them to the inn to tea, which they quickly despatched, as the Marchmonts wished to return to Edinburgh that evening, having already staid a day longer in Leith than they intended. It was therefore agreed that Mrs March-

mont and Lucy should ride up in the stage-coach, while Mr M. and his son accepted the offer of Mr R.'s company part of the way on foot.

Mr Marchmont and James departed some time before the rest of the family, in order to be ready to await Mrs M.'s arrival in Edinburgh. They accordingly proceeded directly with Mr Ramsay, who was kind enough to point out the principal buildings as they went along ; few, however, deserved much notice except for their antiquity, among which King James's hospital may rank first. Mr Ramsay informed his companions, that this building was erected in 1614 by the kirk-session of South Leith, for the accommodation of females advanced in years.

“ Opposite to this hospital stands another belonging to the mariners, in which,” added Mr R. “ is an excellent painting of Mary Queen of Scots.” In the Kirkgate, Mr Ramsay likewise shewed the strangers South Leith Church and its Chapel of Ease, calculated to contain together above 4000 people.

At the foot of Leith Walk, Mr Ramsay found himself obliged to part with his friends, who thanked him much for his kindness and civility, and pursued their walk towards Edinburgh, talking over the numerous occurrences that had happened during their visit to Leith. When they

were within a few yards of the turnpike on Leith Walk, James, looking behind him, perceived the coach coming briskly along, in which his mother and sister were seated ; this obliged them to hurry their pace, and they succeeded in keeping before the vehicle, till they reached Greenside-place, where it passed them, and Lucy had the pleasure of nodding to them as she rode by.

“ We shall never overtake it,” said James, as he kept running by his father’s side. “ Dear me, papa, what long steps you take ; how quickly you walk ! I’m sure we need not hurry so, we can never reach it.” But James was mistaken ; the coach drove very slowly up hill, and, with the additional aid of the coachman stopping to let out a passenger, they repassed the vehicle, and hailed it in time to hand out Mrs Marchmont and Lucy, who would otherwise have been taken into a different part of the town. “ You see now why I walked so very quickly, James,” said his father : “ Poor mamma would have been sorely put about, if we had not been here to conduct her home. But I fancy you are very tired ; indeed you need not be ashamed to say so ; you have walked a great deal to-day, and Lucy seems quite dumb, which is a sure sign of her being fatigued : but here we are at our lodgings again ; you shall

hasten directly to bed." The children never waited to be told twice, and as soon as the maid brought candles, with half-closed eyes, and sleepy voices, they wished their parents good-night, and retired.

CHAPTER XIV.

An Invitation.—A Juvenile Party.

A RING at the door-bell the following morning roused the attention of the children from their studies, and announced the arrival of a stranger, who was presently after ushered into the parlour. It proved to be the lady who had shewn them so much civility on the preceding Sunday at church, and who had called, she said, in consequence of their not fulfilling their promise of coming to see her, fearing that she would be deprived of that pleasure, as she had received a letter from her sister, Lady L. requesting her and the family to join them in Argyllshire, as Sir George determined on remaining at his country-seat till October. Miss Belgrave then concluded by begging the favour of Mr and Mrs Marchmont, and the

young people, to drink tea with her in the afternoon, which was the last but one the family were to pass in Edinburgh.

Mrs Marchmont accepted Miss Belgrave's invitation for herself and children, but apologized for Mr M. who was from home, and who she knew was engaged in the evening with his friend Mr M'Kenzie. Mrs Marchmont then informed Miss Belgrave of their visit to Leith, and assured her that it alone was the cause of their apparent neglect in not having called at George-street, as they intended. "Well, I hope you will make up in some measure for the disappointment you have occasioned to my little nieces, by coming early," said Miss B. as she shook hands with Lucy at parting. "This is Caroline's birth-day, and she expects a little party, in honour of the day, and by way of a farewell treat to her friends in Edinburgh."

As soon as Miss Belgrave was gone, Lucy began to chatter away upon the prospect of so pleasant a visit, till Mrs M. reminded her that the French lesson was unlearned, and that, if not repeated by one o'clock, she would necessarily be precluded from a walk with her father on his return, and not likely to enjoy her afternoon visit, with a consciousness of having failed in her duty. Lucy sighed, and looked at her book again.

“ Dear me, how tiresome ! I shall never be ready : I cannot understand what makes me so stupid.”

—“ Want of application, and your thoughts wandering elsewhere, my dear,” rejoined her mother, quietly ; “ but indeed I agree that you will not be ready, nor James neither, if he don’t sit still ; you have only ten minutes more.”—“ Only ten minutes !” cried both at once.

“ Hush, Lucy, you must not whisper so loud ; I really cannot learn at all,” said James, stopping his ears with his fingers, and repeating his lesson in a still louder key. “ Nay, James, that is not fair ; you are speaking quite out. Mamma, is it possible for any body to learn so ?”—“ Not if they sit talking and quarrelling, certainly, I should think,” replied Mrs M. ; “ and indeed you not only disturb each other, but even prevent me from entering into the sense of what I am reading.”—

“ Oh, I am sorry for that ; I’ll take my book into the bed-room, and then perhaps”—“ And then perhaps,” interrupted Mrs M. “ you may learn your lesson, if you do not stop the remaining minutes to talk about it, or how you should place your chair, or the table, or what part of the room you should sit in, or”—but Lucy had by this time taken her mother’s hint, and tripped into the room ; where, after sitting quietly for a short time, she conquered the difficult lesson, and re-

turned smiling with her book in her hand, ready to repeat it to Mr Marchmont, who had just returned from his morning call.

“Don’t put away your hat, papa,” said Lucy, “we are just ready.”—“I will not disappoint you of your walk, my little girl,” returned Mr M.; “but I am rather tired, and, even if I rest half an hour, we shall have plenty of time.” “Oh yes, papa; and in the meantime I think I had better mend that hole in your glove; I don’t like to see your thumb peeping out.”—“Very well, Mrs Notable,” replied he smiling, and giving her the glove, which, in a short time, she mended very neatly; after which, being all equipped, they set out for their walk, the children talking all the way about the pleasure of the expected visit, while Mr M. added to their happiness by telling them, that on Monday, if nothing intervened, they were invited by Mr M’Kenzie to accompany him to the Calton Hill, to see the Bridewell, New Jail, and Camera Obscura.

“That will be very delightful,” said James; “but is not Mr M’Kenzie a cross old man? I don’t like people who are not fond of children.” “Mr M’Kenzie is far from being cross, and is moreover exceedingly fond of children when they behave well,” replied Mr M.; “but not having any of his own, would not perhaps be so easily

pleased with the noise and romping which poor papas and mammas are sometimes indulgent enough to put up with."—"I'm afraid," said Lucy, "you have both had a great deal too much to put up with from me, though I hope I am mending; and I really think it is time, for now I remember my birth-day is next week, and I shall then be ten years old. Only think, mamma, you were quite a woman at that age, were not you?"—"With a great deal of the Lucy in me though, my dear," returned her mother; "but perhaps I was rather more thoughtful."

This conversation brought them home, and immediately after dinner they began to prepare for their visit; and as soon as the duties of the toilette were over, Mrs Marchmont and her son and daughter departed, as the latter kept constantly reminding her mother that Miss Belgrave desired them to come early.

On being ushered into the drawing-room at Sir George L.'s, they found Miss Belgrave and her nephews and nieces awaiting their arrival, to each of whom they were separately introduced. James found an agreeable companion in Master George, the young heir, while Lucy was equally pleased with Miss Caroline and little Eliza, a sprightly child of about five years of age. At length the repeated knocks at the door announc-

ed the arrival of more company, and the room was soon filled with a select party of young people. As soon as the last who were expected had arrived, tea and coffee were immediately served up, and then the young folks had full liberty given them, to divert themselves as they liked.

Miss Belgrave and Mrs Marchmont, who were the only grown up ladies of the party, enjoyed the happy faces before them, and perhaps were as truly gratified as any, though they were both quietly seated on a sofa, and did not enter into any of the games, till a round of forfeits was proposed, when they joined with much good humour, and their condescension greatly added to the entertainment of the little group, who continued to enjoy the game with much spirit till nine o'clock, when they were interrupted by the entrance of a footman, with the intelligence of "Supper waits, young ladies."—"I hope, however, John does not exclude the old ones," said Miss Belgrave, laughing, as she gave her arm to Mrs Marchmont, and conducted her down stairs to the dining-room.

The younger party followed, and were soon seated comfortably round a large table, elegantly laid out with a handsome supper, which, with the addition of the tasty manner in which it was decorated with flowers, the beautiful chandeliers,

and, above all, the festoon of variegated lamps, wrought so powerfully on the senses of the little strangers from the country, that poor Lucy expressed her astonishment aloud: Her brother, however, whispered her to be silent, and Lucy hoped her inexperience and surprise had escaped observation.

Very soon the table began to be cleared; tier after tier of jellies and custards disappeared before the little guests, who all replying to Miss Belgrave's kind inquiries, "that they had eaten enough," were next desired to drink Miss Caroline's health, and wish her many happy returns of the day, which they did with great glee; and presently after, the carriages arrived for some of the young people, while others walked, as it was a fine moon-light night. Mrs Marchmont and the children were of the latter party, and after wishing Miss Belgrave and the young folks good evening, and politely thanking them for their attention, they accompanied a party who were returning to St Andrew's-square, and by whom they were seen to the door of their lodgings.

The little Marchmonts had so much to tell their father, who had just come in, about the pleasant evening they had spent, that although it was past eleven o'clock, it was some time before they could be persuaded to go to bed. "Do you

know, papa," said James, "there was a little Lord and two little Ladies of the party."—"Indeed!" replied Mr M. "and were they very different from the other children, or very superior in acquirements?"—"I cannot say whether they are accomplished or not," returned James; "but I am sure Lucy looked much prettier and neater, and behaved more politely than the little Ladies did."—"That is a compliment, Lucy. I hope you are sensible of your brother's gallantry." Lucy smiled, and being again desired to hasten to bed, ran off in high spirits, calling out, "Good night; I am sure I shall dream about coloured lamps and fine flowers."

CHAPTER XV.

Cowgate Chapel.—Register Office.—Calton Hill.—Observatory.—Camera Obscura.—New Jail.—Bridewell.—Botanic Garden.

THE next day being Sunday, and the weather fine, Mr Marchmont was not forgetful of his promise to take the children to an English chapel to hear the organ; and accordingly, directly after

breakfast, they proceeded to the Cowgate Chapel, where Mr. Wilson had told them they would be properly accommodated with seats, and be much pleased with the discourse they would hear from the clergyman of the place.

The children were much gratified by what they heard; and the proper behaviour which they always observed in a place of worship alone prevented them from giving vent to their surprise and pleasure when the organ struck up, which, however, they fully expressed when they reached the chapel door; and the whole party agreed how much better the new place of worship preparing in York-place was adapted for this congregation, for whom they understood it was designed.

"This chapel is a fine building," said Mrs Marchmont; "but the situation is much against it."—"Formerly," observed Mr M. "Mr Wilson informs me, the long dirty street called the Canongate, which we are now in, was the fashionable part of the town; that perhaps may account for a handsome chapel being built in this place."

The threatening aspect of the clouds now induced them to hurry their pace, and they had just reached home when a heavy shower of rain began, and continued in such torrents as to prevent the family from returning to church. Mr

Marchmont, however, in some degree, made amends for the unavoidable necessity of staying at home, by reading aloud one of Dr Chalmers' excellent discourses.

Towards evening the sky cleared up, and promised the children a fine morrow, in which it did not disappoint them; and a wind that had arisen during the night having dried the streets, they all prepared, directly after breakfast, to accompany Mr M'Kenzie in their walk round the Calton Hill.

As the party passed the Register Office, Mr M'Kenzie informed them that this beautiful structure was erected in 1774, from a plan of the celebrated Mr Adam, and is considered by some as the most masterly of his designs ever executed; it being alleged, that in general these looked better upon paper than when built, but that the Register Office is an exception to this rule. Mr M'Kenzie added, that the whole apartments in this office are ninety-seven in number, independent of passages, stair-cases, &c. and are arched for security against fire; and that the Earl of Morton, then Lord Register, had obtained a grant from his Majesty of £.12,000 for this building; in gratitude for which the city had placed a beautiful marble statue of his Majesty in the saloon under the dome.

This conversation brought the party to the top of the hill, when Mr M'Kenzie proposed they should immediately go to the observatory, the sky being remarkably clear and favourable for the camera obscura. On reaching the building, however, they found themselves obliged to wait for the dismissal of another party; and in the mean time they rested on one of the benches in the garden, while Mr M'Kenzie gave them some account of the origin and design of the building before them.

“ The utility of such a building,” said he, “ for the purpose of making astronomical observations, had been perceived long before the plan was first agitated in 1736; but certain circumstances in the city prevented its being then established. At a subsequent period the Earl of Morton gave £.100 for the erection of an observatory, while Mr M'Laurin read lectures on philosophy, and gave the money they produced towards so desirable an object: the sum total amounted to £.300. After various delays, occasioned by the death of several of its warmest promoters, a plan was at length given in by Mr Craig the architect, and in 1776 the foundation-stone was laid. From the situation of this intended building, Mr Adam conceived the idea of giving it the appearance of a fortification, which met with universal appro-

bation. The observatory was therefore left unfinished, as the remaining money designed for the building, as well as £.105 given by the Duke of Hamilton, was laid out upon the newly projected tower; the building was consequently falling into rapid decay, and would have been wholly lost, had not the members of the Astronomical Institution put it lately into good repair, provided it with excellent instruments, and the camera obscura,—which I fancy,” continued Mr M. “we may now see, as the party who prevented our being admitted are departing.”

Mr M'Kenzie then rose, and conducted his friends into the building. After writing their names in the album, they followed the person who has the charge of the instrument up stairs, and were soon gratified by a display of its wonderful powers.

The children had been silent during their walk, under the idea that Mr M'Kenzie did not like noisy children, but now they could contain themselves no longer, and were highly delighted with this moving picture. Mr and Mrs Marchmont were much struck with the picturesque scenery that presented itself: The fine effect of the buildings of the Old Town, contrasted with the regular and elegant streets of the New, and the Frith of Forth, with the bay and opposite

shores, all brought at once under the eye upon a small tablet, produced a wonderful and beautiful appearance. The children were still more delighted with the nearer and moving objects; masons working at the new buildings, women drying clothes, which were blowing about in all directions, children at play, carts, horses, and people,—all amused and entertained them.

“I’ll catch you, you little rogue,” said Lucy, to the figure of a little boy, who was running away with the kite belonging to another; “there, that’s a clever little thing, you have got it again.” —“Oh, the neckcloth and stockings! I’m afraid the woman will lose them. How I wish I could stop them with my finger!” —“Look, Lucy,” interrupted her brother, “there are the very people who were here before us: do you see them going down the hill?” —“Oh yes! there is the lady with the parasol. How tiny she looks!—There, the little girl has fallen, from running down that steep path. I dare say the lady told her not to do so, for she seems chiding her. I am sure I will walk away quite prim, for fear any body should see me here, and call me a little romp.”

Here Lucy stopped, fearful she had talked too much, and peeped up at Mr M’Kenzie, to see if he looked very cross at her; but although the room was darkened she could just catch a glimpse

of him smiling on her very kindly, while he said, "As you seem so much amused, my dear, you and your brother may stay here a little longer, while your parents and I go to examine the telescope, and the other instruments belonging to the observatory."

As soon as they had satisfied their curiosity, they returned, and summoned the children to accompany them through the New Jail and Warder's Tower, which were just finished; but before proceeding thither, Mr M'Kenzie prevailed with his friends to stép into the coffee-house at the monument to take some refreshment, alleging that the air on the hill must have given them an appetite.

The strangers were much pleased with the neatness of the apartments, and the tasteful manner in which they were decorated; and after partaking of a slight repast, and resting a little, they continued their walk.

After going through the different parts of the jail, and expressing themselves much struck with the whole of the building, as well as with the comfortable appearance and security of the cells, they proceeded directly to the Bridewell, which Mr M'Kenzie informed his friends had been erected in 1795, and had in many instances proved of essential service to the city, in stopping the

progress of vice, and checking the seeds of early depravity. "The outside of the building greatly resembles a Gothic castle," continued he, "and I think does great credit to Mr Adam the architect. But we will now examine the interior, which is still more deserving of our notice, and is, I understand, in point of comfort and cleanliness, one of the best regulated institutions of the kind in Britain."

The Marchmonts fully coincided with their friend's opinion, when they had gone through the stone gallery, and looked into the cells, where several women sat spinning, each kept separate from the others, and apparently quite engrossed with their work. The cells all look into a large chapel, where the culprits regularly attend prayers, and every Sunday receive an excellent discourse from their worthy chaplain.

Mrs Marchmont was particularly surprised with the whiteness of the staircase and stone passage, and said she had heard of strangers being obliged to take off their shoes in going through some noblemen's houses, but that really she grudged to leave the print of her foot on the clean and neat passage of the Edinburgh Bridewell. The party now turned homewards; but before quitting the hill, Mr M'Kenzie pointed

out, in the Calton burial ground, the tomb erected to the memory of David Hume the historian.

When they reached Leith-street, Mr M'Kenzie perceiving it earlier than he expected, proposed to conduct his friends to the Botanical Garden, where he knew he would meet with the Professor of Botany, with whom he was well acquainted, and who would be happy to allow any company he should bring with him, to see the grounds. Mrs Marchmont was the only one of the party who rejected the proposal, as she complained of a slight headache, and having frequently been through the King's gardens at Kew, would not feel the disappointment so much; the others, however, after putting Mrs M. in the straight way home, pursued their walk to the gardens.

Mr Marchmont and his children were much gratified and pleased with every thing they saw; the variety and number of plants, arranged in their respective classes in the school of Botany, in the eastern division of the garden, particularly amused and interested them; and both Lucy and James begged their father's permission to begin the study of botany as soon as they returned to Woodbank. Mr M. replied, that he had no objection, but feared at first they would not find the study so very entertaining as they expected.

Here Mr M'Kenzie interrupted them to point out to Mr Marchmont the monument erected in 1778 to the memory of the great naturalist Linnæus; and then, after again examining the most valuable trees and plants, the party returned home, not however before the gardener (who was much pleased with the children's behaviour in not meddling with any of the flowers) had presented each of them with a beautiful rose, which they both preserved very carefully in the way home, hoping that their fragrance might do "poor mamma's head good."

Before parting in Prince's-street, Mr Marchmont endeavoured to persuade Mr M'Kenzie to go with them to dinner, which, however, he refused, saying, good-naturedly, that bachelors must not be choosers; and as his sister was from home to-day, if he did not return, poor puss and pug would lose their dinner.

Mr Marchmont and the children had the pleasure of finding Mrs M. much better; and in the evening they took a walk to Heriot-row, the children talking all the way over the occurrences of the morning.

CHAPTER XVI.

Dickson's Nursery.—Custom House.—Burntsfield Links.—Golf.—Gillespie's Hospital.—Archery.

THE day following being fine, permitted the Marchmonts to avail themselves of an invitation received the night before, to pass the afternoon at their friend Mr Woodville's. Accordingly, immediately after dinner they set off, and found Mrs W. and some of the young people waiting to accompany them in a walk, as it would be late before Mr Woodville could join them at tea.

Mrs Woodville proposed that they should first take a walk in Mr Dickson's nursery-grounds, and return by Bellevue-park. "I esteem this walk one of our greatest privileges," said Mrs Woodville as they entered the nursery; "indeed I enjoy it as much as if it were my own garden."—"The young folks likewise must be very fond of such a nice place, I am sure," returned Mrs Marchmont; "and, I dare say, shew their gratitude to the owner for such an indulgence, by not touching or destroying any of the flowers."—"They are very attentive to that, I believe," replied Mrs

W.; "but you may run on now, my dears, only be sure to keep the walks."

The children answered in the affirmative, and immediately availed themselves of the permission. They continued their amusement for some time, till Mrs Woodville summoned them to join her, as she had prevailed on one of the gardeners to shew them the hot-house. The party were all pleased with what they saw there; and neither James nor Lucy made any comparison between the plants and the more valuable ones that they had seen the preceding day in the Botanic Garden, recollecting the lecture which their father had once given them about such a foolish and discontented habit.

After going through the hot-houses, and taking another turn down the walks, the party returned to Heriot-row by the parks, as Mrs Woodville had proposed; from whence she pointed out the Custom House, an elegant building, which had been erected by the late General Scott, and had been purchased, together with its pleasure-grounds, some time ago, by the magistrates, for the annual feu of £.1000, redeemable within twenty years on payment of the sum of £.20,000. In the parks Mrs Woodville was earnestly begged by the children to be permitted to stay a little longer to play there; but she agreed with Mr and Mrs

Marchmont, that the grass was becoming rather damp, from a heavy mist that was falling, and therefore desired them to defer their game till the next visit their young friends would favour them with. They all therefore returned home, where they found Mr Woodville had come in, and was waiting tea. Mr and Mrs Marchmont soon after bade adieu to their friends, with the promise of paying them a longer visit on the following Friday.

While seated at breakfast on the next morning, they were interrupted by a call from Mr Wilson, who came to say, that he was really afraid they had either forgotten their way to George's-square, or that there was a family there who would at any time be glad to see them. "My good wife suspects that she has offended my English friends," continued he, "as they never seem disposed to repeat their visit." Mr and Mrs Marchmont apologized for their apparent neglect, and assured Mr Wilson that nothing but the distance, and the great many engagements they had fulfilled, should have prevented them from accepting of his general invitation to spend as much of their time there as possible; and then proceeded to give an account of the manner in which it had been filled up.

“ Well, I’m glad to find that it has been so agreeably spent,” returned Mr Wilson; “ I was only afraid you had been shutting yourselves up and seeing nothing; but I hope you will make up for your deficiency towards us, by dining with us to-day at four o’clock, when I shall have the pleasure of introducing you to another old friend, Mr Campbell, who has taken a house for the summer at Portobello, a bathing-place about three miles from town; but being in Edinburgh to-day, he will pass it with us, and, to-morrow, wishes your family and mine to return with him to Portobello, to see Mrs Campbell and the children.”—“ Indeed,” replied Mr Marchmont, “ our engagements press so very much upon us, that I fancy we must prolong our stay here another fortnight; I had some thoughts of returning next week.”—“ Next week!” interrupted Mr W.; “ you do not pay Edinburgh a great compliment, to talk of running away after three weeks’ stay.”—“ Well, we shall see what another fortnight produces,” said Mr M.; “ but my wife is getting rather anxious about home.”

At the thought of another fortnight the children seemed highly delighted, and were only restrained by the presence of Mr Wilson from exclaiming aloud. The latter, however, soon withdrew, pleading business at the Bank, and saying

he was afraid that he had made Mrs Marchmont lose her breakfast by sending the tray away so soon. Mr Marchmont accompanied Mr Wilson to the Parliament-square, while the children passed the time with their mother in learning their daily lessons.

About one o'clock Mr M. returned ; and after having heard the children repeat what they had committed to memory, they all began to prepare for their visit ; and by three o'clock were on their way to George's-square, where they arrived in time enough to be introduced to Mr Campbell before dinner was served up. Mr Marchmont and Mr Campbell had been school-fellows at Eton, but the latter having been absent many years in India, their acquaintance had entirely dropped : An opportunity for renewing it having now occurred, through the medium of their mutual friend Mr Wilson, it was gladly embraced by both parties, and contributed to make Mr Marchmont's visit to Edinburgh still more agreeable, as this was an unlooked-for pleasure, Mr M. not being aware that Mr Campbell had settled in Edinburgh on his return from abroad.

After dinner, a walk was proposed, which meeting with general approbation, the company went through the Meadows on their way to the Links. On arriving there, the strangers' attention was

arrested by the sight of the gentlemen of the Golf Club indulging in that healthy and manly exercise, which, being peculiar to Scotland, the Marchmonts had never before seen.

Mr Wilson stopped an acquaintance who was in the act of striking the ball, to beg him to shew his friends one of the clubs and balls, and at the same time to explain the game to them, with which the gentleman obligingly complied; and then proceeded to inform the company that this sport had been of very long standing, it being prohibited by the King as early as the year 1457, lest it might become instrumental in setting aside the practice of archery; but the Magistrates of Edinburgh did not seem to be of this opinion, as in 1744 they presented the Company with a silver club, which was to be played for annually, and to which a gold or silver medal was to be appended by the conqueror. "But here you must excuse me, gentlemen," continued he, "else I shall lose my turn."

Mr Wilson apologized to his friend in the name of the company for having so long detained him, and the whole party expressed themselves much obliged to the gentleman for this information, after which they all parted in different directions; the elder part of the company and the girls continued their walk, while the boys, after taking

another look at the golfers, took the advantage of a fine breeze to try a kite which they had brought with them.

Mr Wilson mentioned, that the house where the occasional meetings of the Golf Club are held, was built from a subscription of £.660, raised by twenty-two of the members. "I dare say," said Mr Marchmont, "that to those accustomed to this amusement it may be very entertaining and interesting, though I still prefer the English game of cricket, which appears to me the best of such diversions."—"I assure you," interrupted Mr Campbell, "I am half inclined to be of your opinion: indeed, I shall never forget the many happy games we have had together—it seems but yesterday, though perhaps nearly thirty years ago."

Mr Campbell gave an involuntary sigh, and then joined the rest of the company in listening to an account Mr Wilson was giving about the origin and design of a beautiful building which presented itself to view through the trees, and which, he informed the strangers, was an hospital endowed by Mr James Gillespie, (whose name it bears). In about a year after his decease, the whole of his landed estates and personal property were conveyed to trustees appointed

for the erection and maintenance of this admirable establishment, which was to prove an asylum to those of ‘the venerable decays of human kind,’ whose good behaviour and poverty should give them claims to admission; and several aged persons of both sexes have been in this manner comfortably maintained for many years. But I think,” continued Mr Wilson, “it is getting late; if equally agreeable to our friends, we will now turn homewards.”

All the company assented to this proposal, and having summoned the boys from their amusement, again turned into the Meadows, where they afterwards stopped a little to look at the Company of Archers, who were trying their skill by shooting at a target on the east side of the ground.

Mr Campbell observed, that this exercise was of such old standing, that it had been supposed by some to owe its being still attended to in Edinburgh to that circumstance alone. “But,” continued he, “I am of a very different opinion, and apprehend and hope, that no inducement will ever tempt the inhabitants of the northern metropolis to lay aside this manly sport, formerly the glory of their ancestors. There are three prizes, I understand, belonging to this Company, which

are shot for annually ; the first, a silver arrow given by the town of Musselburgh as early as the year 1603, which is kept by the winner a year, and to which he attaches a medal, with any motto his fancy suggests ; the second prize is likewise a silver arrow, given by the city of Edinburgh ; and a silver punch bowl, worth about £.40, constitutes the third and last prize. The society have a house in which their public meetings are held, at the back of the Meadows, a plain looking building raised by subscription ;—but I fear I am detaining and tiring the ladies by my long detail. Let us walk on.”

Tea was ordered immediately on their arrival in George’s-square ; and very soon after, the Marchmonts pleaded the distance to St David-street, as an apology for their apparent rudeness in hurrying away. At parting, Mr Campbell made both parties promise to be ready at an early hour the ensuing day, to accompany him to Portobello.

CHAPTER XVII.

Palace of Holyrood-house.—Queen Mary's Apartments.—Paintings.—Remains of the Chapel-Royal.—Restalrig.—Portobello.—Sea-side.—Return to Edinburgh.

AT nine o'clock next morning, Mr Campbell, Mr and Mrs Wilson, with their eldest son and daughter, called at Mr Marchmont's lodgings, and finding the family all ready, they hired a hackney-coach, and proceeded on their day's excursion. The ladies and girls rode, whilst the gentlemen, with James Marchmont and his companion Charles Wilson, hurried on after the coach, which was to set the ladies down at Holyrood-house, as Mr Campbell wished the strangers to see it in their way.

As they passed down the Canongate, Mr Wilson directed Mr Marchmont's attention to the several objects most worthy of notice, such as the Tolbooth, Church, Queensberry Barracks, &c. which served them with matter for conversation till they arrived at the Palace yard, where they found the hackney-coach awaiting them. As soon as the ladies alighted, Mr Marchmont

desired the coachman to drive slowly along the Portobello road, and to stop for them at the gate of the King's-park, through which they proposed walking ; they then, without further delay, proceeded to the apartments of the palace.

The *tout-ensemble* of the building struck Mr Marchmont as bearing great resemblance to Hampton Court, being of a quadrangular figure, with a court in the centre 230 feet square, surrounded with piazzas. Mr Campbell observed that this fabric, in the course of time, had been doomed to undergo a number of changes, and consequently none of the present building has any claim to antiquity. " I understand," continued he, " that the towers on the north-west were erected by James V. for a royal habitation ; it was, however, in part consigned to the flames during the minority of the unfortunate Queen Mary, but soon after underwent a complete repair. It was then a much larger building than the present, as it consisted of five courts. The soldiers of Oliver Cromwell likewise destroyed part of this edifice, which was again repaired at the restoration of Charles II. ; during which reign the present building was planned by Sir William Bruce, and executed by Robert Mylne."

The company thanked Mr Campbell for this information, and then proceeded up the staircase

which conducts to the different apartments; among which the strangers were most pleased with those belonging to the Duke of Hamilton, heritable keeper of the palace, which had been the residence of the Pretender during his stay in the metropolis, and also of the Duke of Cumberland at a subsequent period.

They were still more interested in that said to have belonged to Queen Mary, whose bed and harpsichord they were shewn; the tapestry of the former is much decayed, but the rest of the furniture is in pretty good preservation. The trap-door was likewise shewn, through which the assassins, headed by Lord Darnley, entered to murder the favourite Rizzio. On the floor of this apartment are some large dusky spots, said to have been occasioned by Rizzio's blood staining the floor, which washing of the boards has not been able to take out.

The party were also shewn a portrait of Lord Darnley, and a small oil painting of Queen Mary; and in Lord Dunmore's lodgings, the pictures of Charles I. Queen Henrietta, and those of their present Majesties, painted by the celebrated Ramsay. They were besides shewn a spacious gallery, 150 feet long, the walls of which are decorated with the ideal portraits of one hun-

dréd and eleven sovereigns, whose united reigns make a period of above two thousand years.

The party then proceeded to examine the ruins of the royal chapel, which their guide told them owed its origin to King David I. who likewise gave the canons of St Augustine authority to erect a burgh, extending from the church of Holyrood-house to the city of Edinburgh, which received the appellation of the Canongate from this circumstance.

Their conductor also informed the company that this chapel had been repaired by Charles II. having suffered from the fire with which the English had destroyed the palace. After a few more remarks, and pointing out some monuments, the guide withdrew, and the party continued their walk through the beautiful parks surrounding the palace, which are particularly striking to the eye of a stranger, owing to their vicinity to the romantic and stupendous rocks of Salisbury Craigs and Arthur's Seat, with their craggy summits overhanging the plain. On one of the lower projections of the mountain, Mr Wilson pointed out the ruins of a chapel dedicated to St Anthony, a monk of great celebrity who lived in the fourth century : Mr W. likewise added, that the cell of the hermitage is still in existence, and that a pure and plentiful stream of

water, called St Anthony's Well, flows at the foot of the arch.

"I should like much to visit that place, and indeed to reach the summit of Arthur's Seat," said Mr Marchmont, "if either of you gentlemen would appoint a day to accompany me."—"I will, with great pleasure," replied Mr Wilson; "but I think a morning will be the best time for our walk, as the forenoon is so hot, and the evenings soon become dark at this season of the year." Mr Marchmont assented, and the following Wednesday was fixed for their excursion, as the Marchmonts were to spend the day at Mr Wilson's, and the gentlemen could join the party.

By this time they had reached the gate where the coach was waiting for the ladies. "I really think the boys had better ride the remainder of the way," said Mr Marchmont: "They have already walked a great deal, and by night will be very tired."—"Tired!" interrupted Charles Wilson; "I am never tired."—"Nor I neither," cried James. "Are you sure?" returned his father; "remember how you complained of your feet after your walk from Leith: you are not so strong as Charles. I really think you had better; come," continued Mr M. while the coachman held down the steps; but no entreaties could

prevail, and our young friend walked away very manfully with his companion, whilst his mother, smiling at him as he passed by, said, "Since you are so very strong, James, I hope to hear no more complaints at night of sore feet or tight shoes."

Here the coach with the ladies drove off, while Mr Campbell directed Mr Marchmont's attention to the new road which is to unite with Leith-Walk at the foot of the Calton Hill, and with that of Portobello, which has lately been much widened and well repaired. On the left Mr C. likewise pointed out the village of Restalrig, the church of which is deserving of notice from its antiquity, being, as he observed, founded by James III. in honour of the Holy Trinity; and the charge being collegiate, nine prebendaries, a dean, and two singing boys, were placed in it by James V.

Mr Marchmont accompanied Mr Campbell to take a nearer survey of this ancient structure, while the boys and Mr Wilson awaited them at the gate of Piershill Barracks, where the former were much pleased in viewing some soldiers parading in the court. On the return of the other gentlemen, they all continued their way without farther interruption, till they reached the cottage that Mr Campbell had taken for his summer residence: here they found the ladies,

with Mrs Campbell and her family ready to welcome their arrival.

The children were so very desirous to go to the sands, that their parents detained them no longer than to partake of a luncheon at Mrs Campbell's request; and, under Miss Wilson's particular charge, they all sallied forth in great glee, and were soon employed according to their different tastes, the boys in running races, the girls in collecting shells and sea-weed. The younger children, and some others who joined the party, were equally amused in digging in the sand, making sand-houses, and rotting their shoes as they paddled at the edge of the water, vainly endeavouring to sail a paper boat, which the rippling waves as constantly turned on its side, and at last totally destroyed, to the no small regret of its little possessors.

In about an hour after, the children were summoned by their parents to take a walk with them through the village, to see the baths, the lead-work, and a manufacture of earthen-ware, which is carried on with great success at the west end of the village. None of the young party seemed pleased with this interruption to their amusements except the little Marchmonts, who, ever anxious for novelty, and to see all that was in their power, gladly embraced the proposal, and, accompanied

by Miss Wilson, followed the elder part of the company, first to the lead-work, where they were much pleased with observing the wonderful process of melting the ore: But the heat and smoke did not permit them to stay long here, and they exchanged their walk on the sands for that of a pleasant grass terrace, which soon conducted the party to the baths, through which the strangers begged leave to be shewn; wishing to fulfil the purpose of their journey, by seeing every place that could afford them any interest or pleasure.

From thence they proceeded towards the pottery; and on their way thither, Mrs Marchmont's attention was arrested by the sight of a building close to the beach, which had all the appearance of a very old structure. Mr Campbell, however, undeceived her, by informing her that this tower had been erected by a person of a very gothic taste, who had with great difficulty collected materials from old decayed buildings and churches; "from which antique remains, this tower has been built, and is now let out in furnished lodgings. The view from the top is very fine," continued Mr C.; "and as I am acquainted with the family who have present possession of the place, I shall be happy to conduct

any of you there, who feel disposed to climb up the steep stairs."

Mr Marchmont, Mr Wilson, and James, accepted this proposal, while the ladies waited for them on the green. The gentlemen did not detain them long, and they all soon after entered the pottery, and were much gratified with the whole process of the manufacture which was carried on in the different apartments.

The little Marchmonts were almost as much pleased as they had been at the glass-works. Lucy begged her mother's permission to purchase a little mug, with "a present for Edward" on the front, and James made a similar request for one for his little sister Jane. Mrs Marchmont readily complied; and, after making their choice, they were about leaving the manufactory, when Mr Campbell very kindly asked permission to add to Lucy's store a very handsome set of doll's tea-things, as a remembrance of the Portobello pottery. Lucy very prettily thanked Mr Campbell for his nice present, and soon after the whole party returned to dinner.

After dinner the children took another walk on the sands; and as the party intended to leave Portobello at seven o'clock, they drank tea early. The ladies then taking possession of their places in the coach, were soon on their way to Edin-

burgh, while the gentlemen and boys, who still insisted on walking, followed them on foot. Mrs and Miss Wilson waited for the gentlemen at Mrs Marchmont's lodgings; and as soon as they appeared, returned to George's-square, after wishing their friends good night, and reminding them of their engagement for the next Wednesday. The Marchmonts soon after separated for the evening, highly satisfied with their visit.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A Wet Day.—A Letter.—Attendance on Sunday at the High Church.

“THERE is going to be a settled rain to-day, I'm afraid,” said Lucy to her brother when they met in the morning; “and if so, there will be an end to our visit to Mr Woodville's;”—“unless, indeed, mamma would take a coach,” interrupted he.—“Oh yes, delightful! Well, that is one comfort of living in town: I'll run and tell mamma directly that the rain need not prevent our visit.”—“Perhaps you had better not disturb

mamma," said James, as Lucy was running off in great haste; "perhaps the day may clear up; if it should not, and mamma make any objections to our going, that will be the best time to remind her of a coach."—"I dare say it will," replied she; "you are always more thoughtful; and you can hint the proper time for me to speak by any sign you like; what shall it be?" "We will think of that afterwards," said James; "we had better now think of our lessons;" and taking his books to the farther end of the room, James sat down quietly to study. Lucy, finding him too busy to attend to her, at length followed his example, and they both continued very attentive to their books till their parents came in to breakfast.

After the cloth was removed, both the children repeated their lessons much to their parents' satisfaction, but no notice was taken of the intended visit. "What a wet day this is," said Lucy as she put by her book. "Yes," returned Mrs Marchmont; "so, as there can be no walking, I expect you will sit by me, and assist me in some odd jobs, which must be done, and which cannot be brought into the parlour when we expect any person to call."—"Odd jobs!" repeated Lucy; "what? all that basket full? I like an even seam better."—"I dare say you

may, my dear ; but at present you will like to help me, I'm sure. These are clothes for some poor children whom Mrs Wilson recommended to my notice."—" Oh, that's a nice job then ; I am fond of working for poor children : and what is James to do ?"—" I hope," said Mr Marchmont, " that he will finish that map of Ireland ; he is very fond of beginning things."—" And I will finish this too, papa," said he ; " you shall see it done when you come in from reading the newspaper."

After Mr Marchmont left them, the rest of the family continued their employment without interruption, till hearing one o'clock strike, Lucy could not forbear exclaiming, " This rain will last all day, I think ;" and then added in a whisper, " the sign, James." But James kept whistling over his map, and talking to himself—" Well, this does nicely ; I think papa will like this : now for the finishing stroke." Mrs Marchmont seemed still more indifferent to poor Lucy's hints, and was actually going to give her another little flannel waistcoat, when Lucy boldly asked her if she had forgotten their visit. " No, my dear," replied she ; " but we had better wait till we see if the weather will clear."—" And if not," interrupted Lucy, " you know we can take a coach." " Certainly," returned her mother. James could scarcely suppress a smile at his sister's impa-

tience, which was but too obvious the rest of the forenoon, as she was fearful her mother had again forgotten, or would be too late ; however, she said no more on the subject, but was truly happy when Mr Marchmont, on his return from the reading-room, desired them all to prepare, and in a few minutes more they were all seated in a comfortable hackney-coach, on their way to Heriot-row.

They spent a very pleasant day with their kind friends the Woodvilles ; and the children being now better acquainted, were so unwilling to part, that it was not till Mrs Marchmont made Mrs Woodville promise to bring as many of the family as possible to return the visit next day, that at a late hour the little Marchmonts were prevailed upon to leave their young friends and return home.

The weather continuing wet, the following morning was passed much as the former ; and when Lucy sat down to work, James employed himself in writing the following letter to his little sister.

Edinburgh, September 1817.

DEAR JANE,—I dare say you are surprised at not hearing from me, as I promised, so I avail

myself of a wet day to write to you. We are all keeping quite well, and visiting and going about every day; indeed, we are so much engaged, that we are prevented writing so often as we wish; and after all it will be better to reserve the greater part of our news till we meet again, for which reason I shall not make this letter very long, as I hope by this day fortnight, if nothing happen, we shall all have the pleasure of embracing each other in the parlour at Woodbank.

Either papa or mamma will write once more next week, to tell grandmamma what day we leave Edinburgh, and as we shall be four days on our journey, you will know exactly when to have the avenue gate fastened back, and come tripping out to meet us. Mind and bring Cæsar with you; I long to see him again; I hope he has not forgotten his master who is so fond of him. There is a dog somewhat like him a few doors from this, which I sometimes stroke on the back, but he is not so pretty. I was glad to hear by your letter to mamma of your increase of live stock, and am happy that the little chickens are so like their mother. I am sure they must be little beauties. But I have quite exhausted my paper, and have hardly left room to give the united love of papa, mamma, and

Lucy, to you all, with that of your affectionate brother,

JAMES MARCHMONT.

The weather now clearing a little, permitted James to accompany his father to the Post-office; and as Mr and Mrs Woodville and their young people soon after joined the party, the remainder of the day was spent with great cheerfulness. The evening continuing fair, Mr Marchmont and the children walked home with their friends, who promised to call on them the following day, to conduct them to the High Church.

Mr Woodville was not forgetful of his promise, and was early after breakfast in St David-street: Mr and Mrs Marchmont being ready, they departed for church.

When they reached the High-street, Mr Woodville told his friends that the High Church, to which he was conducting them, was one of four under one roof, known by the name of St Giles's Church. "St Giles," continued Mr W. "the tutelar saint of Edinburgh, is said to have lived in the sixth century, and was a native of Greece; which country he quitted at the death of his parents, leaving all his riches to the poor. James II. procured an ideal arm of this saint, through

the means of Preston of Gorton, who bestowed this sacred relic upon the church of Edinburgh. At the time of the Reformation a great quantity of valuable articles were discovered, by the sale of which the Town Council were afterwards enabled to rebuild the church in its present form. The alterations at present in contemplation," added Mr W. "will, when executed, add greatly to the beauty of the city."

They now entered the church, and, soon after, the minister ascended the pulpit, from which he gave an eloquent and able discourse. The family afterwards returned home, and as they could not prevail on Mr Woodville to remain with them, they accompanied him to Heriot-row, and in the afternoon went with their friends to St George's Church.

CHAPTER XIX.

Blind Asylum.—College.—Infirmary.—High School.

EARLY after breakfast the next day, Mr Campbell and family fulfilled a promise they had made

Mr Marchmont at Portobello, of returning the visit on the first fine day.—Immediately on their arrival a walk was proposed to the Asylum for relief of the Industrious Blind.

On reaching the Asylum, Mr Campbell informed the strangers that this benevolent institution owed its origin to the humanity of the worthy and venerable Dr Johnston, senior clergyman of North Leith ; and that it is in a great measure supported by his exertions, and by voluntary contributions.

“ This institution has for its object,” continued Mr C. “ the laudable one of employing those of our unfortunate fellow-creatures who are afflicted with blindness, but who are not willing to make that a plea for idleness : They are here taught such branches of manufacture as are best suited to their abilities, such as mattresses and cushions of hair, wool, and straw ; as well as baskets and mats of all kinds.”

The party were now shewn into the room where the people work, and after a short stay, spent in examining the different kinds of manufacture, and expressing their wonder and admiration at the neat manner in which these were executed, they took leave, when Mrs Marchmont presented Miss Campbell and Lucy each with a

very pretty work-basket, and a doll's cradle to Ellen.

Mr Campbell proposed visiting the College on their return home; and accordingly, after having fulfilled their intention of calling for their mutual friend Mr Wilson, to join the party, they all proceeded to the College, which, Mr Campbell informed Mr Marchmont, stands on the same ground on which a former building for the institution had been erected by James VI.; but from its rapid decay, and want of accommodation for the great number of students who attended the classes, the old building was rased to its foundation, and in 1789 the present edifice was begun after a plan by Mr Adam. "And it is much to be regretted," observed Mr Wilson, "that so much of it still remains unfinished."—"Yet," continued Mr Campbell, "I think we should be very grateful to our late Lord Provost for his successful application to Parliament, in consequence of which a grant of £.10,000 per annum has been made for a certain period; and now it appears in a fair way of being completed."

Mr C. now desired his friends to follow him to the library and museum, the former of which, he observed, was a year older than the University itself, and had been bequeathed to the inhabitants of the city by Mr Clement Little.

After having been conducted through the different parts of the building, the party began to return homewards, when Mr Wilson requested them to walk down Infirmary-street, where they would have a view of the benevolent institution from which the street derives its name.

“ This handsome building,” said Mr W. “ was erected by the members of the College of Physicians, by whom the idea of the utility of such a valuable institution as this Infirmary was first conceived, in 1725 ; but a number of obstacles retarded its progress for about twelve years, when the foundation-stone was laid, and the building was soon after finished as we now see it.”

“ How many patients can it accommodate ?” asked Mr Marchmont. “ Nearly three hundred, I believe,” returned Mr Wilson, “ exclusive of the apartments retained for the officers and servants of the establishment.”

“ If you go a few paces farther down this street,” said Mr Campbell to Mr Marchmont, “ you will see our High School, which, from its usefulness to the youth of this city, has been justly considered one of its ornaments ; but I must refer you to our friend Mr Wilson for a proper account of the establishment.”

Mr Wilson smiled, and then informed the party that this institution was first founded in 1519, at

which time the Magistrates prohibited the inhabitants from sending their boys to any other school. "The present building," continued Mr W. "was begun about forty years ago, as the old school-house had become too small for the increasing number of boys, which is now estimated at above seven hundred."

"What masters attend?" asked Mrs Marchmont. "Four, madam, besides the rector," replied Mr W. "who have each their class with them during four years; at the end of which time it is put under the instruction of the rector. Charles attends the latter master, and Robert and George are in the second class."—"We mean to send Thomas on our return to town," said Mr Campbell; "he is now eight years old, and is an excellent English scholar."

Mr Marchmont now urged their going home directly, as it was getting late, and Mrs Campbell and Mrs Marchmont appeared fatigued. They therefore proceeded along the bridges, and arrived in St David-street by four o'clock to dinner.

After the ladies retired to the drawing-room, Mrs Campbell acquainted Mrs Marchmont with her intention of spending the night in her house in Queen-street, and deferring her walk to Portobello till the next morning. She therefore

desired her eldest daughter to inform the servant who kept the house, to prepare for her reception.

James and Lucy offered to accompany Miss Campbell, who asked her mother for the key of the Queen-street garden, that the young strangers might enjoy a walk in that beautiful spot.

Upon their return Mr Campbell and Jessie set off for Portobello, while Mrs C. and little Ellen took up their night's abode in Queen-street.



CHAPTER XX.

Heriot's Hospital.—Greyfriars' Churchyard.—Village of Duddingston.—West Church.—Castle.—Parliament House.—Advocates' and Writers' Libraries.—Royal Exchange.

“WHAT engagements have you made for to-day, my dear?” asked Mrs Marchmont of her husband, as they rose from breakfast. “Indeed, you may well ask,” replied he; “for I think we should keep a list in order to make no mistakes with our different appointments. I promised Mr M'Kenzie to pass to-day with him at Laurieston; he fully expects you to accompany me, and the

children too, if they are not afraid of the cross old man."

"Not at all, papa," said James, smiling; "I did not know Mr M'Kenzie when I said that."—"Well, now you do know him, I suppose you will be happy to pay him a visit; so, quick, off to your lesson, as we mean to go early."

The children did not need to have this injunction repeated, and, taking their books, applied diligently to their studies for about an hour, when Mr Marchmont summoned them to prepare for their visit.

They were very politely received by Mr and Miss M'Kenzie; to the latter of whom Mr Marchmont introduced his wife and children.

As soon as Mrs Marchmont had rested herself, Mr M'Kenzie offered to conduct them through Heriot's Hospital, of which they had formerly seen the outside. "We shall only have time to see this building before dinner," said Mr M'Kenzie, "as we are old-fashioned folks, and dine early."—"And after tea," interrupted his sister, "I hope we shall have time to take a walk to Duddingston Loch, which Mrs Marchmont tells me she has not seen yet."—"I think between dinner and tea will be the best time for our walk, Nancy," said Mr M'Kenzie: "you forget how soon it gets dark at this season." Miss M'Ken-

zie assented, and taking Lucy by the hand, talked very kindly to her on various subjects, till they reached the hospital.

Mr Marchmont told Mr M'Kenzie, that his friend Mr Wilson had pointed out this building to them, and acquainted them with its origin and use. "Well, then, I shall have the pleasure of shewing you the interior," said the good-natured old gentleman; and leading the way, he conducted them through the various parts of the building.

They were shewn into the apartment where the boys were at dinner; and after staying a short time to enjoy the sight of so many happy faces, the party withdrew, after which Mr M'Kenzie accompanied them to the Greyfriars' Churchyard, where he pointed out the graves of several eminent men, and an elegant tombstone in the north-east corner, erected to the memory of the numerous martyrs who were buried there.

"The churches," said Mr M'Kenzie; "for there are two under one roof, were erected at different periods; the first in 1612 was granted to the Grey Friars by Queen Mary; but in 1718 a part of the edifice being destroyed by gunpowder, the money allowed by the city for its repair was employed in building another church at the west end, which is called the New Greyfriars."

The party now returned to Laurieston, and soon after dinner fulfilled their design of walking to Duddingston Loch. The children recollected Craigmillar Castle when they saw it again; and Lucy told Miss M'Kenzie how puzzled they had been by the postilion's odd answer to their questions about it.

Mr and Mrs Marchmont were much pleased with their walk, and admired the beautiful and romantic scenery around them. The children, too, were delighted at being once more in the open fields; and as they ran along the grass, assisting each other in collecting wild flowers, they looked so happy, that Miss M'Kenzie said, "I'm sure, Miss Lucy, the town cannot be much to your taste, you seem so very fond of flowers and a romp in the fields."

When they approached the Loch, however, they were desired by their mother to walk more quietly, as the path was narrow, and rather dangerous, from the precipice which overhangs the water.

They continued their walk till they reached the pretty village of Duddingston, when Mr M'Kenzie proposed their returning, being fearful of fatiguing Mrs Marchmont and the children.

They reached Laurieston by six o'clock, when tea was immediately ordered; and soon after a

hackney-coach was called for Mrs Marchmont and Lucy, while Mr M. and James, preferring to walk, were accompanied part of the way home by Mr M'Kenzie, who conducted them into Prince's-street by the road round the castle. Mr M'Kenzie pointed out the church of St Cuthberts, a neat-looking building, surmounted with a spire.

"The former fabric," said Mr M'Kenzie, "must have been very old, as we find it mentioned in 1052, when it received several donations from Macbeth the usurper. The present building is very commodious, although," added he with a smile, "this great Episcopal chapel, which will soon be finished, seems quite to overpower our humble place of worship."

Mr M'Kenzie having put his friends in the right way home, now took leave, and Mr Marchmont and James pursued their way, talking over the occurrences of their pleasant visit.

The next morning, being that on which Mr Marchmont had promised Mr Wilson to breakfast with him, and take a walk to the top of Arthur's-seat, he set off early, desiring his wife and children to follow, when convenient, in the forenoon, and meet him in George's-square at Mr Wilson's, where they were to pass the day. Accordingly, a little after eleven o'clock, Mrs Marchmont, James, and Lucy, prepared to fulfil their

engagement ; and soon after their arrival in George's-square, the gentlemen joined them, much pleased with their morning's walk.

When they had all sufficiently recovered from their fatigue, Mr Wilson proposed visiting the Castle, which giving general satisfaction, the party were soon on their way thither.

“ This stupendous fabric,” said Mr Wilson, as they ascended the Castle-hill, “ occupies an area of about six English acres, and the rock on which it stands is said to be about three hundred feet perpendicular.”—“ Oh, James,” whispered his sister, “ do look at the cannon ; how frightened I should be to stand here whilst they are fired.”—“ And yet, Miss Lucy,” interrupted Mrs Wilson, “ there is generally a great crowd on the hill on such occasions. Had you been here a few days sooner, you would have heard them on the Prince Regent's birth-day ; for it is only on rejoicing days they are made use of now ; and at such times they may be heard many miles off.”

Mr Wilson now summoned his friends into the interior of the garrison, through which they were shewn by a person who acted as guide. They were conducted into the apartment where James VI. is said to have been born, which interested them very much. The Crown room was likewise pointed out, in which it is reported the regalia of

Scotland was deposited above a hundred years ago; but as the door has not been unfastened since the union of the two kingdoms, some doubts are entertained of its being there.*

After having gone through the different apartments, and having seen all that was deemed worthy of their notice, the party left the Castle, and were next conducted by Mr Wilson down the High-street into a small square, on one side of which stands the Parliament-House.

As they entered the building, Mr W. informed them that the great hall, or Outer-House, as it is now termed, was formerly the place where the Scottish Parliament used to assemble; for although the outside of the building is new, the front of the old house having been removed, and a piece of modern architecture substituted in its place, yet part of the interior is of considerable antiquity.

* Since the above was written, an examination of the room has been made by Commissioners appointed by the Prince Regent, who, after considerable difficulty, forced the door, and afterwards the lid of a large oaken chest, in which were discovered the Crown, Sceptre, and Sword of State of Scotland, in most excellent preservation. The workmanship of the two former is said to be highly elegant. This event took place on the 4th of February 1818.

“ The room in which we now stand,” continued he, “ is 123 feet long, and nearly 50 broad ; the roof, as you may observe, is a very fine piece of workmanship, although, while viewing it, we cannot but regret that more attention has not been paid, in the late alteration on the exterior, to make it correspond in some measure with the venerable hall which it contains. The original building, which was begun in 1632, cost about £.12,000, while the expense of the improvements and additions was upwards of £.50,000. The statue which you are observing so attentively, Miss Lucy, is that of the late President Forbes ; and those dirty looking pictures are full length portraits of King William III. Mary his consort, and Queen Anne, all painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller. If you will have the goodness now to accompany me down stairs, I will lead the way to the library belonging to the Faculty of Advocates, which is one of the most valuable collections in Great Britain, and ranks next to the Bodleian at Oxford. It is said to contain about 90,000 printed volumes, besides many scarce and valuable manuscripts, medals, and coins. It was founded in the year 1681, by Sir George Mackenzie, then Lord Advocate, and is, among other privileges, entitled to a copy of every book entered at Stationers’ Hall.”

After following Mr Wilson through the dark passage, the party found themselves in an immense range of apartments, all filled with books, while various parties of Advocates were engaged, either in making extracts from the volumes before them, or conversing, some of the junior ones in rather a declamatory manner, among themselves.

Having seen what were esteemed the greatest curiosities in the library, they retraced their steps, and soon found themselves again in the Parliament-square ; when Mr Wilson jocosely observed, that they had better continue their literary career, by going with him to another collection, which, though not so extensive as the one they had been visiting, could boast of the more elegant apartment in which it is placed.

They accordingly turned round the corner of the square, and entered an elegant range of building, the ground-floor of which contains the library of the Writers to the Signet, and the second, an additional room for that of the Advocates.

On entering the former the party were at a loss to express in adequate terms their admiration of the whole appearance of the place, it being far more elegant and striking than Mr and Mrs Marchmont imagined it would be, and was altogether beyond what the children could have conceived.

“ This room,” observed Mr Wilson, “ is about 110 feet long and nearly 40 broad, and is considered by all, as one of the greatest ornaments of the city, while at the same time it is an example of the purest and most classical taste. To obviate the difficulty which occurred, owing to the length of the room greatly exceeding its other dimensions, the architect, the late Mr Stark, has divided it by three open arches into parts, the first being oblong, and the second square.”

“ The colonnade formed by these rows of Corinthian pillars particularly attracted my attention at the entrance,” observed Mr Marchmont ; “ and from the space allowed between the columns and the windows, has as noble an effect as any thing of the kind I ever witnessed.”—“ Considerable difficulty must occur with respect to heating such a large apartment, I should suppose,” said Mrs M. “ That, madam,” returned Mr W. “ has likewise been overcome by the ingenuity of the person employed, who was desirous of rectifying what is often the only fault in the construction of large rooms. With the exception of the two fire-places at the other end, there appears to be no other place from whence heat could be derived ; yet were you to visit it in winter, you would feel a pleasant degree of warmth diffused throughout the whole room. A large stove, which

is erected in one of the cellars, is kept constantly burning; the heat is carried up from thence by a pipe, and, when it reaches the level of the floor, is conveyed under it by smaller tubes, which are connected with each of these cast iron tables, and from under which, by a neat contrivance for regulating the quantity of it, the heated air is delivered, and the room thus kept at a certain degree of temperature.

The party expressed themselves much obliged to their friend for this information, and prepared to follow him to the apartment above, which, as he before told them, was, when finished, to be appropriated to the Advocates as an additional room. "It is hardly correct to decide upon any work before it is completed," he observed; "but from its present appearance I am led to believe, that the effect may be more imposing, and yet not possess the chasteness and simplicity of the room below."

"This one appears to be longer, if I may judge," said Mr Marchmont. "It is so," returned his friend, "by nearly 30 feet, being about 136 in length, and the height is greatly in its favour: indeed, the circumstance of its being in part lighted by an elegant dome, gives it no inconsiderable superiority, while the highly finished workmanship of the roof is in unison with

the taste displayed in the construction of the columns."

Before leaving the square, Mr W. informed them, that the building then going on, and which formed the west side of the range in that neighbourhood, was intended for the County Hall. He likewise stated, that the great hall of the Parliament-House was during the term, or session as it is called, occupied by the lawyers and agents attending the courts of law, and by the Judges who sit to determine causes in the first instance. "The Court of Session, the supreme tribunal in Scotland," continued Mr Wilson, "consists of fifteen Judges; six of these are Lords of Justiciary, and go the circuit twice a-year. The apartments for the accommodation of the Court of Exchequer are immediately adjoining. The Court-room is nearly semicircular, and since the formation of the Jury Court, its trials have been likewise conducted in it."

Mr Marchmont now proposed their return as it was growing late; they therefore prepared to leave the Parliament-square, and Mr Wilson acquainted James, that the equestrian statue he was examining was that of Charles II. and was much admired on account of its correct proportions and exquisite workmanship.

As the party proceeded down the High-street, Mr Wilson directed their attention to the Royal Exchange, and they stepped aside to examine the building, which is a very handsome edifice, in the form of a square, with a court in the centre. The front of the building is supported by pillars and arches, which form an elegant piazza.

They now turned towards George's-square, where the Marchmonts passed the remainder of the day, and in the evening returned home, much pleased with their visit.

CHAPTER XXI.

An Excursion to the Country.—Roslin.—Laswade. Dalkeith.—Shopping in Edinburgh.—Parting with Friends.—Return home.—Concluding Letter.

THE two following days were passed very pleasantly by our travellers in an excursion to Roslin and Dalkeith.

They were accompanied by Miss Woodville and her eldest brother; and this made the excursion more agreeable to the strangers, as they were

acquainted with the road, and pointed out the different places as they rode along.

They parted with their vehicle (which was a hired barouche) at Roslin, where they took an early dinner, after having passed some hours in wandering through its romantic woods, and visiting the ancient castle and chapel. Through the latter they were conducted by a guide, with whose singular manners the party were highly amused. She pointed out, and minutely decribed the interior of the building, which was founded in 1446, and is esteemed one of the most beautiful and entire remains of Gothic architecture in Scotland.

After dinner, the party continued their walk through the wood, on the banks of the river Esk, and passing Hawthornden, alike celebrated for its romantic scenery, and as having been the seat of Drummond the poet, reached the pretty village of Laswade to tea. They stopped there only a short time, as they were anxious to reach Dalkeith before dusk, where, after their arrival, they ordered supper early, and being a good deal fatigued by their long walk, hastened to rest.

The forenoon of the next day was passed in visiting the Duke of Buccleuch's palace and grounds; and soon after dinner, Mr Marchmont procured a coach, which conveyed the party home.

“As soon as breakfast is over,” said Mrs Marchmont to the children next morning, “I wish you to prepare to go out, as I expect Mrs Woodville to accompany me to make purchases; and I dare say you will like to go with us, as we intend to call at a bookseller’s shop in our round.”

The children were much pleased with this arrangement, and hastened to attend their mother. Mr Marchmont having engaged himself to ride out with Mr Woodville, promised to meet his wife and children in Heriot-row at dinner.

Mrs Woodville having arrived, the party set off in search of several articles which Mrs Marchmont wished to take home with her; and having made all her other purchases, she acquainted Mrs Woodville with her intention of adding to the children’s little library, and begged Mrs W. to recommend her to a shop. Mrs Woodville immediately complied, and conducted her friends to one in the High-street, where they were most politely attended to, and made their choice from a large and well assorted collection.

After Mrs M. had selected the books she intended to purchase, Mrs Woodville made a little addition to the parcel as a keep-sake to the children; and then, taking leave of the gentleman who had shewn them so much attention, they repaired to

Heriot-row, where Mr Woodville and Mr Marchmont awaited their arrival.

During the afternoon, as this was likely to be one of their last visits, Mrs Marchmont informed Mrs Woodville of her wish that Miss W. would return with her to Woodbank; "where," continued Mrs M. "I will venture to say she will be very happy, provided a winter in the country be not too dull." Miss Woodville's eyes sparkled with delight at the proposal, whilst she assured Mrs Marchmont that nothing could give her greater pleasure.

Mrs Woodville, although sorry to disappoint her daughter, said that the visit must be deferred for the present, as her education was not quite completed; but added, that the ensuing winter being entirely devoted to masters, would probably finish her in that respect; "and then," continued she, "there is no place that I would wish her so much to visit. If nothing unforeseen intervene, therefore, we will fix upon the spring as the proper time for her leaving home; and I have too good an opinion of Eliza's sense, to fear that she will murmur at this disappointment, which is in fact only to postpone her pleasure till she is more fully at liberty to enjoy it."

Mrs Marchmont could not reply to this, as she had nothing to argue against its propriety; and

poor Eliza, not willing to forfeit her mother's good opinion, continued silent.

Little Lucy, however, complained aloud, and at length ventured to ask Mrs Woodville to let Maria go instead. "I would have thought so much of Miss Woodville's going with us, and yet she is a woman to me; but if you would only let Maria go, I should even —"—"Like that better, you were going to say, Lucy," interrupted her mother; "I do not think you are very polite." Lucy blushed and hung down her head; but Miss Woodville kindly said, "You are very candid, Lucy, my dear, and Maria would be a better companion for you. I remember when I was at your age, I looked up to a cousin of mine of seventeen with perfect dread."—"Oh, but I do not look to you with dread," said Lucy, embracing her; "I love you as well as Maria, only you are past the playing age."—"Suppose, then, we compromise matters," said Mrs Woodville, "and as Eliza's journey is deferred, suppose that I send Maria to accompany her, and then they can take care of each other on the road: your mamma has seconded your invitation for her, and I really think a summer in the country will do her health good."—"Yes, that it will," cried Lucy, and running into the next room, she hastened to acquaint her favourite with the "nice new plan,"

as Maria had withdrawn on hearing her name mentioned in the request.

The rest of the evening was passed by the children in much merriment, and by the elder part of the company with the uniform cheerfulness that presided in Mr Woodville's parlour.

The two following days proving very wet, and according to Lucy Marchmont's philosophy, "very disagreeable," the family were obliged to remain within doors; but on Tuesday the weather brightened, and permitted them to walk to the different parts of the town where their friends resided, in order to take leave of them, as the next morning was fixed upon for their departure from Edinburgh.

It was not without great regret that they bade adieu to those with whom they had spent so many pleasant hours, and whose kindness had rendered their visit so agreeable.

They drank tea at Mr Wilson's, and promised to breakfast next morning at Mr Woodville's, previous to their departure. Breakfast was therefore ordered early, and at ten o'clock the Marchmonts were once more seated in a post-chaise, whose rumbling wheels, as they rattled over the pavement, recalled the attention of the party from the sorrow they felt at parting with some of their friends, by reminding them that

each succeeding mile brought them nearer to those still dearer to them.

This satisfaction increased every stage, and when, towards the end of the fourth day's journey, the travellers again caught sight of the dark trees of Woodbank, the children could scarcely be restrained from alighting, although their parents endeavoured to convince them that they could not run so fast as the chaise, and that their impatience would soon be removed.

“ But I wish that some of them would come to meet us,” said Lucy. “ Hush, I think I hear Cæsar bark—” But she had not time to say more, for the avenue gate flew open, and from behind a tree, out popped Edward, Jane, and the favourite dog, who had been brought there to gratify James's wish. Mr Marchmont's mother was not far behind, and for some time the happy family could only give vent to their feelings in mutual embraces.

It was very late ere the children separated for the night ; and for some days little else was done than relating the many adventures that had happened since they parted, or in visiting their old haunts in the garden and grounds.

At length, however, the weather in some measure prevented this latter amusement ; the afternoons were dark and chilly, the autumnal winds

had stripped the trees of their leaves ; and after the novelty of collecting pretty leaves had worn off, the children agreed that they spoiled their little gardens, and that it would be better to find some amusement within doors. Accordingly, when the candles were lit after tea, Lucy brought out her pretty work-basket, and sat down by her mother to work ; little Jane set one stool for her grandmamma's feet, and taking another, seated herself by her side, and employed her time in learning to knit garters ; and though she sometimes dropped a stitch, yet being generally attentive, her grandmamma took great pleasure in teaching her. James then occasionally added to their amusement, by producing, and reading aloud one of the new books that they brought with them from Edinburgh.

And now having settled our travellers quietly at home, and reinstated them in all its innocent enjoyments, we had designed to take leave of our young readers ; but a few months afterwards, as Lucy was returning from the garden with her lap full of snow-drops and crocuses, she was met by the footman, who gave her a letter from her friend Maria Woodville. As it contained a farther account of some improvements going forward in Edinburgh, we shall transcribe it for the amusement of our young readers.

Edinburgh, March 2. 1818.

MY DEAR LUCY,—The long anticipated pleasure of an opportunity of writing to you has at length presented itself; one of papa's friends, who intends going as far as Appleby, offers to carry a letter for me. By the one I received from you, I was not a little pleased to find that you have not forgotten your Edinburgh friends, but unite with those in Heriot-row in thinking of the pleasure that awaits some of them, in the prospect of meeting with you all in less than a month. Think of that, my dear Lucy,—in less than a month, if nothing happen, Eliza and I will be on our way to Woodbank, the beauties of which I already see in imagination, and which has long been the object that haunts me in my dreams; but I will not dwell longer on this subject, lest I exhaust my paper without giving you some account of what has been doing in Edinburgh since you left it.

In the first place, then, there have been great alterations and improvements in the High-street, occasioned by the removal of the old Tolbooth, and all the little shops that stood by St Giles's Church, and spoiled the appearance of it. The whole of the High-street is now nearly cleared of obstructions, and is considered one of the finest old streets in Europe.

There have been additions too, as well as removals in our great city, amongst which are a range of buildings at the west end of the North Bridge, the lower part consisting of a beautiful row of shops, which, when finished, will be without exception the handsomest in Edinburgh. Indeed papa thinks that end of the Bridge will be quite a fashionable lounge, as it is so well sheltered from the wind, which, even in the fairest days, you may recollect, raises clouds of dust in our other promenades, and puts many dashing parties to flight.

We have had several severe storms during the winter; in one of which, besides other damage, the English chapel at the end of Prince's-street was much injured, one of the turrets being carried quite through the beautiful roof we admired so much: the loss it occasioned was estimated at some hundred pounds; but that is nothing when we think how providential it was that nobody was within the walls when the accident happened.

The houses are begun on the Regent Bridge, and a fine tontine tavern is to be erected at the east end, which will cost £.20,000. We walked along the Bridge yesterday after dinner; and although it was rather cold, we enjoyed ourselves

exceedingly : you have no idea what a fine entrance it will be into the town.

But I shall never have room to tell you half I intended, for I see the end of my paper already ; so I must defer the rest of my news till we meet, and in the mean time hope you will excuse the abruptness of my conclusion, for really my hand is quite cramped with writing, and only permits me to add the united love of our family to yours, and that, my dear Lucy, of your ever affectionate friend,

MARIA WOODVILLE.

THE END.









